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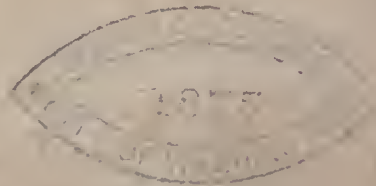
THE

WORKING-MAN.

BY CHARLES QUILL,

AUTHOR OF "THE AMERICAN MECHANIC."



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PREFACE.

If this little book shall be read with pleasure in the shop of the mechanic, during intervals of labour, or in the evening when work is over, the author's purpose will be in some degree answered. As the title shows, it is an offering to the working-man. The apprentice, the journeyman, and the master-mechanic will here find recreation and perhaps improvement. But it aims not so much at systematic instruction, as to quicken, to cheer, and to amuse.

It is no part of the plan of the work to bring down every thing to the level of the meanest capacity. Were this attempted, it would be lost upon the stupid and ignorant; while to persons of sense and improvement, all that is said will be clear enough, without any such degradation of the style. Even children are offended with the

extreme of forced simplicity; especially as some of them know that if they never hear a hard word, they will never get beyond the easy ones. All our knowledge is gained by mingling things yet unknown with such as are known already. It is thus we learn both to talk and to read. To attempt nothing but what is known, is to shun the water till one has learned to swim. In this persuasion, the author has not scrupled to introduce some things for the special benefit of more advanced readers; as, for example, the short essays on the cultivation of memory. For the same reason, a pretty free use has been made of the stores of English poetry. The working-man, no less than others, has a right to these treasures of his mother tongue, and may enjoy them with the greater freedom, as they require no previous scientific training to make them intelligible.

By some readers it will be seen at once that the following work is a sequel to the American Mechanic; a third edition of which has lately come from the press. The unexpected favour with which that little volume was received, has encouraged the writer to persevere in his endea-

vour to afford pleasing instruction to the industrious classes. He has here attempted a book which may equally suit the family and the common school, but with a perpetual reference to such as labour with their hands. To them and to their households it is offered with the best wishes of their friend,

CHARLES QUILL.

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THE

WORKING-MAN.

I.

THE WORKING-MAN'S HOME.

> "Tell me on what holy ground
> May domestic peace be found?
> Halcyon daughter of the skies,
> Far on fearful wings she flies
> From the pomp of sceptred state,
> From the rebel's noisy hate."
>
> COLERIDGE.

THERE is a peculiar zest in the working-man's enjoyment of home. After weariness both of body and mind, he has a refuge at the close of the day—

> "Dear tranquil time, when the sweet sense of home
> Is sweetest."*

There are languages, it is said, in which there is no such word as Home: in our mother tongue there is none more pregnant. It marks the sacred spot to which the cares and tumult of the world

* Coleridge.

do not reach; and where, except in cases of extreme depravity, its vices do not intrude. If there are gentle affections in the heart, they will break forth around the hearthstone; if there is an hour of tranquillity amidst perturbed life, it will be that which is spent with wife and children; if there is such a thing as friendship or love, it will be developed among these dearest associates.

Homeless men are seldom happy. If it was not good for man to be alone, even in Eden, it is bad indeed to be alone in such a fallen world as ours. But I will go farther, and assert the moral influences of domestic institutions. As it regards public offences, the man who has a wife and children has by just so much a greater stake in society. He has much both to gain and to lose. He cannot rise or fall alone. As it regards private virtue, it depends much on the kindly affections, and these are in their very shrine in the family circle. I think I have observed that when a man begins to go astray, he becomes less fond of home. The quiet look of the wife speaks daggers to his guilty conscience. The caresses of children are so many reproaches to the man who knows that he is wasting their very livelihood by his habits of dissipation. I think I have observed that the most rude and quarrelsome men are orderly and quiet when they go abroad with their wives and children. Such is the safeguard of virtue which is furnished by the influences of home.

I would have the home of the working-man his most delightful resort. To be so, it should be pleasing, even its outside. Why should it not be a well-proportioned cottage, with its windows overhung by sweetbrier and honeysuckle, and its roof shaded by spreading trees? Why should not the little door-yard be carpeted with grass, and hedged with shrubbery? These are not luxuries of the rich alone. Yet it is too common for people to think that because they are poor they must be slovenly and dirty. A little white-wash, a little paint, a little turfing, and a few days of labour about the vines and flowers, will serve to change the whole appearance of the humblest enclosure.

But let us enter the working-man's house; and in order to meet the extremest objection, I am supposing the case of the poorest. The walls should be white, the floors and wood-work should be scoured, the movables should be in their places, and no unsightly utensil should be more conspicuous than necessity requires. These are externals, but they bear directly upon what is more inward and more valuable. Everybody is more cheerful in a neat than in a disorderly room. When work is over, and every thing in its place, the visiter is more welcome, the husband's look is brighter, and an affectionate flow spreads itself through the circle.

The difference between England and America

on the one hand, and the southern countries of Europe on the other, is founded in a good measure on the homes of the former, and the absence of them in the latter. The common law has acknowledged the principle, that every man's house is his castle. It is true in more senses than one. Home is the citadel of all the virtues of the people. For by home we mean something more than one's house: it is the family that makes the home. It is the peculiar abode and domain of the wife: and this one circumstance marks it out as human, and as Christian. Sacred wedlock is the fountain not only of its pleasures but of its moral excellence. The poorest wretch who has a virtuous, sensible, industrious, and affectionate wife, is a man of wealth. Home is the abode of our children. Here they meet us with their smiles and prattle. He who unfeignedly enjoys this cannot be altogether corrupt; and the more we can make men enjoy it, the further do we remove them out of harm's way. No men therefore are better members of society, or more apt to become stable and wealthy citizens, than such as are well married and well settled.

A learned foreigner of Spanish descent, of high distinction in the politics of his own country, was once leaving the doors of a pleasant family, in New England, where he had been spending an evening. He had observed the Sabbath calm of the little circle—its sequestered safety and inde-

pendence; he had marked the freedom of affectionate intercourse between parents, and children, and friends, the cordial hospitality, and the reference of every thing abroad to this central spot of home. As he retired from the lovely scene, he exclaimed, with a sort of transport, "Now I have the secret of your national virtue, and intelligence, and order; it is in these domestic retreats!"

> "Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
> Of Paradise that has survived the fall!
> Though few now taste thee unimpair'd and pure,
> Or, tasting, long enjoy thee! too infirm
> Or too incautious to preserve thy sweets
> Unmix'd with drops of bitter, which neglect
> Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup;
> Thou art the nurse of Virtue, in thine arms
> She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
> Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again!"*

* Cowper.

II.

THE WORKING-MAN'S DWELLING.

> "When we mean to build,
> We first survey the plat, then draw the model;
> And when we see the figure of the house,
> Then must we vote the cost of the erection."
> *King Henry IV.* part 2.

There is such a satisfaction in having a house of one's own, that most Americans begin to think of building as soon as they are rich enough. It is proverbial that this becomes a mania, even in the country, with men of wealth In quantity, therefore, we have no lack; the defects are in the quality of our architecture. For want of observing the plain dictate of reason contained in my motto, many great houses are finished less splendidly than they were begun. As I seldom take a walk without seeing the dwelling of some mechanic going forward, I am anxious to make a few suggestions on this point.

A good site is almost every thing: in such a land as ours, few are compelled to build in bad situations. Yet half the houses we see in the country are disadvantageously placed. How little advantage is taken of native groves! I have in

my eye a very costly edifice, just near enough to a beautiful copse to tempt the belief that the proprietor wished to avoid its shades, while he is making a strenuous effort to bring forward some starveling trees in a miserable clay before his door! The general design is next in importance: this is what strikes the distant beholder. The eye is shocked when, in a clever building, the door has three windows on one side and five on the other. The proportions of length and height, the pitch of roof, the number, and size, and arrangement of lights, are all matters which demand careful study, in order to produce a good effect; but in most cases they are left to chance or whim. Symmetry is as cheap as disproportion, and rich men should not monopolize all neatness and taste. A good plan gives beauty to the plainest materials, while no expense can render a false proportion elegant. A well-designed cottage, of the humblest dimensions and simplest fabric, fills the eye, and gives repose to the mind. But finery cannot hide bad taste; it oftener betrays it. We may here apply Crabbe's couplet—

> "Faults that in dusty pictures rest unknown,
> Are in an instant through the varnish shown."

Men who come suddenly to wealth are greatly in danger of falling into this trap. The showy in architecture is usually coupled with the vulgar; just as in dress the finest are not the truly well-

bred. Pope has satirized this abuse of ornament:

> "Load some vain church with old theatric state
> Turn arcs of triumph to a garden gate;
> Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
> On some patch'd dog-hole eked with ends of wall.
>
> "Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,
> That laced with bits of rustic makes a front;
> Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar,
> Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door."

Some of our builders, I hope, will read these essays: their influence is of great moment. If well instructed, they will tell such as apply to them, that the word *Architecture* is not confined to the massy piles of public edifices, but that the very same principles which draught the Birmingham Town Hall, or the Madelaine, can descend to plan the cottage, or the rustic bridge. These principles ought to be studied, not only in our colleges, but our lyceums, and other institutions for the instruction of working-men. Books of architectural plans should be compiled and abstracted from the more costly European publications. I am sure any one who is familiar with the *Tailor's Magazine*, will grant that there is no insuperable obstacle in the way of a builder's periodical. And not architects alone, but all planners and proprietors should familiarize their eye to the contemplation of good models.

The day it is to be hoped will come, when even the day-labourer will not think it necessary to be slovenly because he is poor, and when the most incessant drudges shall begin to see that there are some good things besides coin and bank-notes. The practical man whose views are enlarged will not fail to see that pleasures of imagination and taste have also their price. Decoration naturally comes after use; we build our houses before we deck them. But in the advancement of society, there is a stage at which men always set a value upon ornament; and though these circumstances may breed luxury, they have fruits which are desirable, such as increased contentment, placid joy, refined taste, cheerful reflection, and the love of home.

Along the bank of a half-finished canal I saw, the other day, a settlement, which, at a furlong's distance, showed the origin of its tenants. Extemporaneous huts, barrel chimneys, floors without boards, windows without glass, and a dunghill at the entrance; these afforded the symptoms of a *hovel*. Here was no decoration; and I argue concerning this settlement, that there are no intellectual pleasures, no taste, no gentleness, no fireside happiness.

Let me change the scene. I knew a family of English people, no richer than those just noticed, who lived in a dwelling no larger than one of these—but how different! I see it yet in memory,

its whitened palings and beaten walk to the door, its tight sides and close roof, and especially its edge of summer flowers around a plot of the cleanest grass, and its roses and woodbine creeping over every window. They were poor, but they were tidy. More than this; they were fond of natural beauty, and fond of home, and therefore always aiming to make home lovely.

Every reader has many times seen the same thing, and some have already learned the connexion between simple decoration and domestic virtue and peace. Why does an English cottage strike an American with surprise? Why does he look, as at a strange thing, upon the French peasantry taking their evening repast beneath their trees and vines? Because we Americans are so particularly practical, and so possessed of the demon of trade, that nothing is valuable which cannot be sold. Value is becoming equivalent to vendibility. Valuable means saleable: worth means money. If a flower, or a hedge-row, or a cascade, or a bust, or a prospect, add to the price under the hammer, these things are valuable, and are straightway inserted in the lithographic view of the auctioneer. They are useful. Usefulness is that quality of things whereby they bring money.

III.

THE GARDEN AND GROUNDS.

"Tall thriving trees confess the fruitful mould,
The reddening apple ripens here to gold;
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows, &c.
HOMER'S *Odyssey*, book vii.

IT was certainly an exaggeration of Mrs. Trollope to say, that no one could ever hear two Americans talk five minutes without the word *dollar*. So Bonaparte exaggerated when he called the British "a nation of shopkeepers." Be it so. Caricatures often tell the truth. Even the hideous concave mirror, though it exaggerate ever so much, shows me some grand blemishes of my face. I have tried the experiment, in walking the crowded streets of our cities, to catch the predominant word of the passers-by. The catalogue is limited, and consists of such as these, "Ten per cent."—"doing a good business"—"money market"—"operations in property"—"exchange"—"stock"—"thousand dollars"—"credit"—"profits"—"fortune," &c. &c.

If a man is so practical that he will not wash his face without "value received," I entertain no

hopes of bringing him over. I have no *purchase* for my instrument. Now cleanliness is a sort of decoration; negative, perhaps, but the condition of all the rest. Neatness follows very closely: a cleanly child is usually neat. The cleanly housewife is sure to produce in her cottage a certain trim and symmetrical arrangement which gratifies the eye. This is neatness budding into beauty. This transition ought to be seized upon wherever it appears. The pleasant little children who are yonder playing in the dust may be taught to keep themselves clean, and then to be neat. This is the path towards decoration. Taste needs development. These creatures may be bred to enjoy ornament: and thus we may get a race of people, even among the poor, who will begin to beautify the land. I live in the hope of seeing cottages along our multiplied and dirty railways, each adorned not only with a white surface and a close fence, but with roses, pinks, tulips, and all the pretty vegetable gifts of a loving Providence; gifts which our yeomanry have too much banished to green-houses and ballads.

The ways of adorning a house by rural aids are various, and so well known as scarcely to need enumeration. They may be adapted to the lowliest habitation of civilized man, no less than to the villa or the chateau. Nothing but love for domestic beauty and ordinary tact are required to rear a thousand tasteful abodes along all our high-

ways. And if but one provident householder will begin, we shall find that, humble as his habitation may be, he will soon be imitated by his neighbours. Fashion itself, the cause of so many follies, may be brought in aid of virtuous enjoyment. Let some working-man make the trial, by holding up before his mind rural decoration as a distinct object. Let him secure to himself a house and garden where he is willing to spend his life. Let him, as his means allow, have it tight and finished, and by all means duly enclosed. This is the frame-work; after this ensue the details. Let him learn the economy of a little timely paint, and of a fence or hedge which will withstand the assaults of wind and beasts. From day to day, as he may be able to snatch a moment for breathing the fresh air, let him remove unsightly objects and make an entrance upon positive ornament. How easy it is to set out clumps or rows of trees, for shade and fruit, flowering shrubs or evergreen hedges! How agreeable to the wife and the little ones, to be called out to join in dropping the cheap flower-seed or training the luxuriant vine!

To men whose life is spent in labour, the subject is peculiarly interesting. The confinement of their daily toils creates the want of just such relaxation and refreshment as have been indicated. And let it be remembered that in our country even the poor man should cultivate his taste, because every poor man may look forward to the time when he shall be rich. Let him educate his

faculties, that his ignorance may not some day disgrace his wealth. It is common to sneer at the mechanic, and to consider the youth who becomes an apprentice as degraded. This is very short-sighted. I know no class of society whom success makes so truly independent, or who in the decline of life have so much leisure as mechanics. Compare them, in this respect, with professional men. The lawyer or the physician, however wealthy he may become, finds still increasing labours; the more riches, the more toil. Unless he relinquishes his business altogether, he must do the work himself. He cannot send his foreman to plead a cause, or to set a leg; nor can he, like the rich mechanic, sit in his parlour or his arbour, and know that all his great concerns are well conducted by proxy. Working-men should look to this, and from the time when they first enter a habitation of their own, should cultivate the delights of domestic ornament.

Among these ornaments, the highest rank is due to Gardening; including in that term the rearing of valuable trees. Children should be early taught that when they set out a fine tree, or insert a graft, they are doing a favour to posterity, and beginning that which shall continue to make others happy when they are in their graves. It has always been pleasant to me to see the house of the industrious citizen embowered in flowering vines and trees. And on Saturday evening, a season when so many forsake their work only

for the porter-house or the tavern, the man who possesses such a retreat will have a strong inducement to seek his delightful home, and meet his little household among the smiles of natural scenery.

There are many very precious maxims of life which need to be pointed out; they are overlooked by the mass of people. Once indicated, they are believed and embraced. Among these is the following: *Simple ornament hinders no good use.* The watch runs as well in a comely case, as it would in a deal box. The draught is just as savoury out of a chased tankard. And every good of household life is unimpaired by nestling among green foliage, climbing honeysuckles, and parterres of flowers. I long to see this acted upon by our people. I long to see them snatching a few hours from the noisy throng of idlers, and the delirious mirth of the bar-room, and spending them on the little innocent decorations of humble but delightful home.

The time required for beautifying a house and enclosure is really so little, that it scarcely admits of being brought into a calculation. A few minutes at daybreak, in the spring and autumn, will in the course of a year work wonders. A few snatches of time after labour is ended may be spared by the busiest man. If his work has lain within doors, or has been of the sedentary kind, a little exercise and air, enjoyed in pruning his hedge or trimming his vines, will be restorative to his health and

spirits. This is better than mere repose. Nature abhors a vacuum of employment. Is not this positive gain? Health is "the poor man's riches:" that which conduces to it is worth more than money. Even those who are athletic, or who work at trades which give them constant motion, do not the less need something of this sort. It is not mere muscular exertion which preserves and restores health. There may be great bodily effort with no better result than fatigue. What every man requires when the day is done, is gentle recreation, something between work and play, which shall break the train of moody thought, repair the waste of nervous elasticity, and put the jaded mind in good humour with itself and others.

When the artizan, after his evening repast, goes out to water his flowers, every thing he touches is his own; and nothing so much his own as the tree he planted or the shades he gathered. He is refreshed and tranquillized, and grows into the love of home. These pleasures are mightily increased, when he sees around him his little children partaking in his toils and joys, and cheering one another with the merry laugh to work or sport; while the wife's voice, heard within, as she sings contentedly over the cradle, adds a lovely music to the scene. This is a picture, of which the original may be found in many a poor but happy family; would that it were so in all! Un-

der such shades as these, domestic quiet loves to dwell; and in such a spot religion finds its sanctuary.

Contrast with this a case which we are often called to witness. The mechanic or labourer has worked hard all day. At the close of his toils he turns his face homewards. But he has not provided or cherished at his dwelling any strong attraction. No refinement of taste has ever softened his spirit. It has been too much his practice to pass his leisure hours elsewhere. He feels the need of some relaxation. He is languid from fatigue, and sullen from the disgust of labour. In such a condition he is easily attracted to the bar-room. There, amidst the odours of liquor and tobacco, he forgets his previous listlessness and anxiety, to become the victim of an unnatural and dangerous excitement. The glass, the jest, and the song make the evening fly swiftly. Late at night he wends his way home, if not drunk, yet humbled, discontented, and peevish. No children greet him with their joyous laugh; the neglected little creatures are asleep, and the sad wife is awake only through anxious expectation of her husband. Am I extravagant in tracing much of the misery in such a case to the want of taste for those little things which make one's home desirable? As a general observation, I have never seen idle or profligate sons issuing from within the cottage paling which has been adorned by

their own infant hands. And, on the other hand, it would require a stoical love of virtue for its own sake, to make any youth love the foul, smoky, fenceless cabin of a thriftless father. Sweeten home, and you close nine out of ten doors to temptation.

IV.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

> "Sufficiency, content,
> Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
> Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
> Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven!
> These are the matchless joys of virtuous love."
>
> THOMSON.

It is well known to all readers of fiction, that the novel commonly ends, as soon as the happy pair are united at the altar; and it would be thought a singular romance in which the interest should be made to turn mainly upon the pleasures of married life. But whatever it may be in fiction, wedlock is the source of the richest happiness in real life. Its joys indeed are not of the sort which the novelist loves to dwell on; they are less like the lightning or the meteor than the sunset or the dawn. They are not the raptures of the lover, which are often founded in mere sense, and vanish when youth and beauty are gone; but the steady glow of a true love that outlasts every external charm, and holds on its constant light even amidst wrinkles and old age.

Trite as the subject is, I must be allowed to spend a little time upon it, as it is nearly connected

with the happiness of the working-man's home. What is life, especially to the artisan, without home? and what is home, without gentle woman, the friend, the wife, the mother? The English nobleman, and those who ape his manners, may trample on these domestic pleasures; but it is like treading down the lily of the valley, the cowslip, and the violet. Husband and wife, in high life, may affect great coldness, live apart, maintain separate equipages, and flaunt at different watering-places; they have debauched all taste for the joys of nature and of virtue: but husband and wife, in our happier sphere, are necessary to one another, and cannot be severed without loss and anguish.

In our favoured land there can scarcely be said to be any check to marriage. Our young people marry early, and are free from that sullen, brooding prudence which is inculcated by painful necessity on the peasantry of the old country. Matrimony is therefore more an affair of the heart; and this, in spite of all sneers at love-marriages, I shall ever hold to be a great advantage. What was said on this subject by Franklin, seventy years ago, is still true, that early marriages stand the best chance of happiness. The temper and habits are plastic and easily run together; the want of personal experience is supplied by that of elder friends who still survive. "Late children," says the Spanish proverb, "are early orphans." "With us in America," Dr. Franklin

wrote in 1768, "marriages are generally in the morning of life; our children are therefore educated and settled in the world by noon; and thus, our business being done, we have an afternoon and evening of cheerful leisure to ourselves. By these early marriages we are blessed with more children; * * * * * * hence the swift progress of population among us, unparalleled in Europe."

Profane jesters and rakes have succeeded in getting afloat in society too many idle and wicked sayings about the state of matrimony. It is a truth at once of Scripture and observation, that "he that findeth a wife, findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord." I am so far from having any fears of infusing into my readers any unduly romantic notions in regard to marriage, that I am convinced the households of our working-men would be invested with a new charm if the mutual regards of husband and wife could be hallowed with more of these tender, respectful, and sacred sentiments.

Poor Sedley! what I have just written brings him to my mind. Though what the world would call but a common man, he had a heart worthy of a knight-errant. He is now gone; but I am sure there is many a woman living who remembers the chaste but tender respect, almost passionate, if it had not been almost courtly, with which he regarded the sex. And as for Isabel his wife, though at the time I mean she was neither beautiful nor young, she seemed in Sedley's eyes to be the

representative of all the virtues. I never heard from them a fondling expression, or observed the slightest indication of that conjugal mellowness which is a sort of perpetuated honey-moon. But then respect and love breathed from every action.

Once I found him, when much enfeebled by disease, so much affected as to be in tears. "I am an unlucky fellow," said he, laying his hand on mine; "I have hurt the feelings of my best friend—of Isabel. No," said he, "I recall the phrase—it is often but another name for anger—and anger never rested in her gentle bosom. Grief—grief—that is the word: I have grieved her. By my sullenness and petulance, the fruit of my diseases, but yet unpardonable, I have grieved her. And I must go," he exclaimed, "and ask her forgiveness, for in fifteen years she has never given me a look of unkindness." It was with difficulty that I persuaded him to lay aside this purpose. He could scarcely believe that a needless explanation is always a source of real pain. When I afterwards found that Isabel gently smiled at his caprices, which she understood better than himself, I was only the more convinced that "a virtuous woman is a crown to her husband, and that her price is above rubies."

Let the debauchee prate of the constraint of wedded love, and the zest he has in licentious pleasure; let the monkish casuist declaim against wedlock as a lower condition in point of morals: I will still repeat the verses of the matchless bard

—verses which I would that every young American had engraven on his memory:

> "Far be it that I should write thee sin or blame,
> Or think thee unbefitting holiest place.
> Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
> Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,
> Present or past, as saints and patriarchs used.
> Here love his constant shafts employs, here lights
> His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
> Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
> Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
> Casual fruition; nor in court amours,
> Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
> Or serenate, which the starved lover sings
> To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain."

V.

THE WIFE AT HOME.

"For nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote."
MILTON.

IT has been one of my most serious apprehensions, that in the multitude of our societies and public combinations, men and women might chance to forget that they have any thing to do individually. We have societies to take care of our health, and societies to take care of our kitchens. Almsgiving, so far as practised at all, is practised chiefly by wholesale. Perhaps we may see the day when we shall dine together like the Spartans, and when all cookery and education shall be done upon the large scale.

These thoughts were suggested to my mind with greater force than common, a few days since, upon my making a visit to the house of Mrs. Nelson, the wife of a reputable farmer, a few miles from our village. If I were to attempt a portrait of this excellent lady, I should fill a volume; I can only give an outline. Mrs. Nelson is, in the American as well as the English

sense, a fine woman. Temperance, early rising, industry, and, above all, serene cheerfulness of soul, have left on her cheek at forty those roses which fashion and excitement often blast before fifteen. But what I took my pen to notice was, that truly feminine and Christian trait of my good friend—she is a "keeper at home."* Though I have been a church-going man many years, I do not remember to have heard any one of our clergy enlarge upon this Scripture phrase; and yet the older I grow, the more wisdom there seems to be in it. The best women in the world are those who stay at home; such is the opinion of the best judges, to wit, their husbands. The worst women are those who have no home, or who love all other places better; such is the verdict of those who meet them abroad. A wife at the hearth is as indispensable as a steersman at the wheel. There is scarcely any degree of prudence or firmness which will enable a man to have a well-ordered family unless his partner have some of the same qualities. Even the success of out-door business is more dependent upon this than is commonly supposed: agreeably to a vulgar proverb, "He that would thrive, must ask his wife." In a house where children or apprentices are to be cared for, this is plainly true. A little procrastination, sloth, or want of thrift in the woman will suffice to make every thing go wrong. Who can

* Titus ii. 5.

count up the cases where poor fellows have been ruined by their wives?

This is a hard saying, but if it were softened it would be less true. Surely it is no disrespect to the better sex to point out those rare exceptions, which, like the dim tarnish on the face of the moon, make the other tracts look all the brighter. After you shall have exaggerated to the utmost the number and the faults of idle, gadding, gossiping women, we shall still have a million of American housewives, brightening a million homes and hearts. Mrs. Nelson is one of them. Her husband is not the meekest man in the county, nor by nature the most hospitable, but she makes up for all, like the credit side of an account. In the exercise of the passive virtues, she finds her greatest happiness. She holds it to be one of the very first duties of life to render her home delightful, first to her husband, next to her children, and then to all who may enter her hospitable doors. Early in life, she observed that several of her husband's intimate acquaintances were becoming irregular in their habits; she talked it over with Nelson. He, being a rough man, declared it to be his intention to break off all connexion with Lang and Shepherd on the spot. "O, no, husband!" said she; "that would be cruel: remember the proverb, 'a soft word breaketh the bone.' Let me alone to bring them to their bearings; at any rate give me a month for an experiment." "You!" he exclaimed, in astonishment; "Mary,

you amaze me; surely you will not follow them to the bar-room, as Jemima Murphy does her goodman?" "Perhaps not," said his wife, laughing; "but we women have some secrets left still. Wait but a month."

The month rolled round. It was with difficulty that Nelson kept himself from falling upon the two men violently, but he waited to see the issue, and even kept out of their way, that the incantation might not be interrupted. At the close of three weeks, Lang and Shepherd were two of the most quiet, orderly, and domestic men in the neighbourhood. "Why, Mary," said Nelson, "what have you been doing to them?" "I! husband! I have not exchanged words with them for weeks." "Then you have had some witchcraft at work." "None in the world," she replied; "the story is soon related. I had observed for a long time that their homes were growing dismal: and I often told Mrs. Lang what I feared concerning her husband. Indeed, I had heard you tell of Lang's repeating over his glass that abominable saying, 'the devil's at home.' After my talk with you I set to work, not on the husbands, but their wives. Simple creatures! they scarcely knew what I meant. They wished indeed that the men would spend more time at home, and even wept about their late hours and beer-drinking. But they were not prepared for my telling them that they must redouble the attractions of their own fireside—make the cheer better

—the fire brighter—the children cleaner—the house tidier—the welcome heartier; call in a pleasant neighbour to tea, or a friend's daughter to sing an innocent song, and even invite to a comfortable supper two or three of their husband's cronies. Before long they began to have pleasant evenings; and by a choice of company, a little good fruit, lemonade, home-made cake, and music, fairly convinced the two men that they could go pleasantly to bed without ale, porter, or brandied wine. The thing has taken admirably, and you see the result."

Now though it is likely Nelson did not just then suspect it, this was the very course which had proved successful in saving himself from ruinous habits. And most earnestly is it to be wished that all our towns and villages were filled with such wives as honour and love the family institution! Every one has made the observation that there are many more women who are religious, than men; but the final cause of this has not so often been remarked. Divine Providence, by this discriminating favour to the one sex, pours influence into the social fountain. As are the mothers of a nation, so will be the sons, and, in a measure, the husbands. But to exercise full influence, the wife must be a keeper at home. She will find enough to employ her longest days, in the endless circle of household cares. While she will welcome the evening visiter, and often enlarge her frugal board for the bevy of friends, or even join in the social

party or the cheerful sleigh-ride, these things will be the exceptions, not the rule. So living, she will give happiness to the increasing circle. "Her children arise and call her blessed; her husband also and he praiseth her."

VI.

THE WORKING-MAN'S DAUGHTER.

"How bless'd the maid whose heart, yet free
From love's uneasy sovereignty,
Beats with a fancy running high,
Her simple cares to magnify:
Whom labour, never urged to toil,
Hath cherish'd on a healthful soil."

WORDSWORTH.

WHEN I look around me among my fair countrywomen, and see them equal in grace and loveliness to any upon earth; and when I observe how many of the most beautiful are come out from the dwellings of industry, I am filled with a glow of satisfaction which I would not repress and cannot put into words. But personal charms are the least of the graces of American women. It is, I hope, no part of our national conceit to think that the world cannot show more virtuous women. Perhaps the poison of the town is, in some degree, creeping into the country; but still, in rural neighbourhoods, the virgin purity of the sex bears comparison with the choice of the whole earth.

There are few things of which men are more proud than of their daughters. The young father

follows the sportive girl with his eye, as he cherishes an emotion of complacency not so tender but quite as active as the mother's. The aged father leans on his daughter as the crutch of his declining years. An old proverb says that the son is son till he is married, but the daughter is daughter forever. This is something like the truth. Though the daughter leaves the parental hearth, she is still followed by kindly regards. The gray-haired father drops in every day to greet the beloved face; and when he pats the cheeks of the little grandchildren, it is chiefly because the bond which unites him to them passes through the heart of his darling Mary; she is his daughter still.

You have, my reader, a daughter—your hope, your pride. It is a blessing for which you may well thank Heaven: it is a trust at which you may well tremble. Beware how you neglect or mismanage so delicate a plant. Slight storms will blast a texture so susceptible. While your eye is upon your cherished girl, and the gush of affection is strongest and warmest, open your mind to the importance of being a wise father. What has this frail but inestimable creature to ask at your hands?

She should be guarded. It is superfluous to say that our daughters walk among dangers. Even at school, nay, in the bosom of our family, they require cautious attention. "A child left to himself," says Solomon, "bringeth his mother to

shame:" it is doubly true of the daughter. This is not one of the things which may be abandoned to self-management. Principles must be implanted, and heavenly precepts inculcated. The rich soil, when left untilled, brings forth a horrid crop of rank weeds. I would gladly avoid saying it, but even female companions may be snares, and it is not impossible for gay and fascinating girls to be bad associates. It has happened again and again that maidens have fallen when they merely "went out to see the daughters of the land." Far be it from me to commend the old Spanish plan of seclusion: I have no such wish. Let the gay creatures move freely in the circle of friends, but still let the parental eye and the parental hand be ever ready to descry and avert the danger. The great point is gained when the father is convinced that the daughter needs his care. He is less anxious, and she is safe.

She should be educated. The age is favourable to this. In heathen countries women have always been uneducated drudges. Among the most refined of the ancients, an educated woman was a sort of black swan, an object of curiosity and amazement. Among our own Christian ancestors, female education was made to consist almost entirely in housewifery, and a few offices of religion. But in this country, at present, the stream of opinion is wholly in favour of giving learning and accomplishment to the sex. As a general observation, it is true that daughters all

over the country have a better training than that of their mothers. Perhaps there is some danger of going to the extreme of refinement, and undertaking to give grace, and polish, and embellishment beyond what the solid acquisition will bear.

Give your daughter the best education you can afford: you can give her nothing better. And when I say the best education, I mean of course that which is most suited to her expectations in life, including in the term, not merely book-learning, but the household arts and the culture of the heart. There is tendency enough towards mere accomplishments, such as music, drawing, fancy-work, and the like; so that I plead more earnestly for the solids. And with respect to the latter, it is certainly safer to err on the side of too much, than on that of too little. Any little excess of attainment will be easily forgotten and thrown off amidst the cares of a family. The wife and mother has far less time than the husband to make attainments in after life; she must therefore get as much as is possible before marriage. In most of the schools with which I am acquainted, girls have too many branches offered to their attention. A girl's education is usually considered as complete after a course of three or four years; yet in this brief period she is expected in some seminaries to acquire the same amount of learning which it takes boys three times as long to acquire; and this over and above a list of minor ornamental branches of which the value is commonly in the

inverse proportion of the cost. This has weighed heavily upon my mind for some years past; when I have seen the daughters of men who are frugal and practical in other matters, really cheated out of a good education by the quackery of a false system. The point of this rebuke is directed not so much against particular teachers, who will and must furnish what the public taste demands, as against those parents who are so foolish as to bring up their children on a diet of froth, flowers, and syllabub. No discreet parent surely will allow himself to look upon his daughter's education as a mere bait for suitors: he who does so is decking a victim for sacrifice. On the contrary, unless you can secure to your child a longer course of instruction than the average term, you will do well to limit her to a moderate number of branches, and these the most valuable, and to see that in these she is as thoroughly instructed as a boy would be in the same. Moreover, you will not allow yourself to be satisfied with the advertisements, circulars, or other professions of great schools, however fashionable, as to the choice of studies for your daughter, but will, after the best advice, select such a course as will promise discipline to her mind, and usefulness throughout life.

There is one more suggestion concerning this important subject, and then I leave your daughter to your own care: *She should be well married.* True enough! you will exclaim; but how is this

to be accomplished? I will tell you: not by manoeuvring, or match-making, or any mercenary or trade compact, such as, according to a hackneyed pun, may make "matrimony a matter of money;" not by any measure to procure this or that man as a son-in-law. Your cares are to have another direction. Make your daughter all that it is in your power to make her, by education in its widest sense, and be assured she will never lack suitors. The great difficulty will be to prevent her being snatched away from you by some unworthy man. How shall this be prevented? Not, as I think, by laying a repressing hand of cold iron upon affections already formed. No! no! It is almost always too late when matters have reached this point. But a wise line of conduct will be preventive of a wrong alliance in two particulars. For, first, if you bring the girl up in right principles, with knowledge, modesty, and affectionate duty, she will be in little danger of suffering any passion to gain strength against the wishes of a parent. And, again, if a suitable guard be placed over her associations, she will be seldom in those companies where such alliances are most apt to be formed, and will thus be kept out of harm's way.

O mothers, mothers! how greatly are ye concerned in this matter! While you encourage these young creatures in superficial accomplishments, and bold display, you are often preparing

for them a lifetime of chagrin and misery. On the other hand, where you train them at your side, by precept and example, in retiring, industrious, studious, virtuous habits, you are preparing them to be "corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace."

VII.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

> "Much zeal in virtue's cause all teachers boast,
> Though motives of mere lucre sway the most."
>
> COWPER.

It is pleasing to observe, as education spreads its influence more and more widely, that the instructers of our children are rising in public estimation. It has not been many years since the very name of schoolmaster was a temptation to a sneer. Perhaps the fault was sometimes in the pedagogues themselves: they were not always learned, they were not always discreet. It was not indeed more common then, than now, for young men raw from college to teach for a year or two, until they might become clergymen, lawyers, or doctors; but while they did so they were not held in great veneration; and the older sort, who made it a business for life, were often bachelors, humorists, and pedants. In the very State in which I am writing, there is a township, in which a majority of the schoolmasters were drunkards; and that since the Revolution. Poor fellows! I might wonder how they continued to buy their drink, out of the pittance which they received for

teaching, if I did not reflect that a man may kill himself with whisky for two shillings. They used to go about from house to house, like country tailors; and were less regarded. In the hard winters, many of them travelled on foot more miles in a month than they received dollars in a year. The school-houses were wretched dens, with no earthly recommendation but their airiness in the summer; and in these boys and girls, as full of mischief and prank as buxom health could make them, would vex the red-wigged master till his carbuncled nose emulated the red cloaks behind the door. Then came the smothered laugh, the furious reconnoitre of the offending bench, the cuff, the slap, the rejoinder, the surrejoinder; the quip modest, the reply churlish, the reproof valiant, the countercheck quarrelsome; till down fell the birchen shower. A stranger might have taken the engagement for a fight, as the whole commonly issued in a mutual castigation, in which the master was reduced to a good humour, and making a virtue of necessity, passed it all off as a joke.

In those days, however, of Cocker and Dilworth, there were some ripe scholars, even in the glens of the mountains; and if learning was hardly come by, it was prized the more. Old men are living, who remember to have heard Latin talked in the upper forms of log school-houses; nay, who have seen and heard the master, in a fine frenzy, spout Cicero, and even Demosthenes, in the ori-

ginal. There were some who had emigrated from "the old country," and some were bred among ourselves, who taught for the love of it, and who would scarcely have been willing to exchange the ferula for the truncheon of a commander.

Many young people are now-a-days receiving a finished education, whose fathers scarcely knew a letter in a book. A few months ago, in a somewhat secluded place, almost five hundred miles from here, I found the state of affairs so changed from what it once was, that the daughters of mechanics were learning French, Latin, and the guitar. Whether this is wise or not may be reserved for future discussion; but one thing is certain, working-men are setting a higher value than formerly on education. If we may judge of the demand for an article by the price, teaching is a better business than it was. People are beginning to find out, that the man who gives good learning to their sons and daughters is doing them a favour. The schoolmaster is lifting his head, and is no longer ashamed of the title. It is right that this feeling should prevail, especially in the case of those who make teaching a business for life. Such men, if faithful and competent, are second to none in the good they do. The permanent teacher, especially when venerable for his years, ought to be honoured in every circle. While he looks benignantly round him on those whose fathers he has in former days led along the ways of knowledge, he should be made to

feel that his services are not undervalued. When this shall be more generally the case, there will be fewer instances of retreat from the vocation. The instructer of youth will be regarded as constituting one of the learned professions; and young men will look forward to this calling, just as they do to the pulpit or the bar. "If it were asked," says a late English writer, "what class of men would receive, in the present or next generation, the rewards to which their labours, when rightly understood and assiduously performed, justly entitle them, it might be answered, with every appearance of probability—those who improve the moral and intellectual characters of individuals, and fit them to perform the various duties of life with satisfaction to themselves and advantage to others."

A difficulty suggests itself in the case of many mechanics and other men of the industrious classes, which merits special attention. We have among us highly respectable persons of this description, who have never received a thorough education. Still they are improved by their own exertions, and by intercourse with society, and are consequently far above the contemptible prejudice with which ignorant parents regard all science and literature. So far are they from this, that they lament their own deficiencies, and hold nothing more resolutely before their minds than the purpose to have their children instructed. But in seeing this accomplished, there is this hinderance: they can-

not themselves pretend to decide who is and who is not a fit teacher; and in this age, when recommendations for pills, or dictionaries, or professors, are as easily obtained as bank-accommodation, no parent can rely on mere general testimonials. Habits of calculation naturally lead a man in such a case to make the price a criterion: and here is a common snare. Wo to the boy or girl whose parent has been beguiled by a schoolmaster with no great merit but his cheapness. Cheapen your watch or your chaise, but not your child's instruction. I knew a teacher once—I know him still—whose like I would gladly see in every town and hamlet of my country. Though aiming to be no more than a common schoolmaster, he might have graced the chair of a university. His manners are formal, and his language precise, and his decisions positive: these things are wont so to be, in one that has ruled for fifty years. Yet he is bland, and ready to communicate. He will put on his huge round spectacles even now, to rule a girl's copy-book. His gray hairs sometimes blow about in the wind, while he is fixing a dial in a pupil's garden. He has been a great aid to surveyors and almanac-makers, and is suspected of helping the clergyman to scraps of Greek and Hebrew. For though he teaches English, he is not strange in the ancient lore; and I am not sure that among all my good old mates, there is a single one who could better give the meaning of a hard quotation, than Robert Appletree.

VIII.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

Continued.

> "The village all declared how much he knew;
> 'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
> Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
> And even the story ran that he could gauge:
> In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
> For even though vanquish'd he could argue still."
>
> GOLDSMITH.

WE are apt to flatter one another that the world is growing wiser and better every day; and if great public improvements are to be taken as a fair sign, we are doubtless a greater people than our forefathers. They, poor souls, had neither steamships nor railways; the division of labour, which with us leads to such perfection in all the arts, had with them gone but a few steps. Books were rare among them; exceedingly rare among the earlier American settlers; so that the libraries of many able and learned men, before the Revolution, were smaller than collections which may now be found among mechanics. Schools are more numerous, and nearer together, and scarcely a day passes but we hear of discoveries in education, which are almost as numerous as patent

medicines. Surely the age must be getting wiser. Laying together a number of signs, such as the magnetic pills, animal magnetism, phrenology, the prolongation of life by vegetable diet, the astonishing modes of teaching penmanship in six lessons, and French in twenty, and the ponderous volumes of speeches delivered at school conventions and the like, is it not fair to expect the day when the royal road to science, like the north-west passage, shall have been discovered, and when a complete organization of that thinking pulp which we call the brain, shall be produced by steam?

Such meditations as these are not uncommon, but they are often driven clean out of my mind when I hear uncle Benjamin discourse about the times when he was a boy. Perhaps it was because he had just been insulted in the street, by a couple of scape-graces, who, with the insubordinate spirit which marks our day, had scoffed at his lameness, that the old man appeared somewhat ruffled during our last interview. He had seated himself by an old-fashioned Franklin stove, for he cannot endure coal, and with his feet upon the fender, was enjoying the soothing odours of his pipe. The very sight of him brought before my mind's eye the period before the Revolution. Here was the remnant of a robust frame and a vigorous understanding. Here was one remaining link to bind us to the old colonial times. Like many of the aged, he loves to discourse; and who has a better right?

"Ah," said he, archly shaking a shrivelled finger at his grandsons, "if you had been schooled in *my* day, you would have had other jobs for your winter evenings than playing that idle game of backgammon which I see you at." "How so, grandfather?" said Joseph, as he emptied his box and cried "*cinq-ace.*" — "I'll tell you, boys. Learning was something to be scrambled for in those days. The schoolmaster was second only to the minister, and used to wear his hair in a bag. He went the rounds among the farmer's houses, in a large circuit, and some of the boys used to trudge their four and five miles to school. As it was not every young collegian who could set up a school, the business of teaching was worth something. We did not, it is true, pay a great deal in hard money, but taking into the account firewood, clothing, board, and produce, we used to make the schoolmaster quite comfortable."

"I suppose, grandfather, they used to whip, in those days?"—"You may well say so, Joseph; you may well say so. The teacher was not ashamed to be named *Master*, and we were not ashamed to call him so. Master he was, and it took a sturdy fellow to handle a set of resolute young cubs, who sometimes turned upon him and shut him out of his castle. Hard blows used to fall thick; and they made men of us. If you want to become a young Lord Betty, or, as the Indians say, 'turn squaw,' enter yourself at one

of these schools where the discipline is so parental, that the lads are made to believe a buffet or a box on the ear would ruin them. No, no! We had our full share of correction; and though we used to vow that we would take ample reprisals when we should get big enough, yet we never fulfilled the obligation. But every thing is on a new plan. I do not see anybody that can write a fair, round, copy-hand, such as we used to practise, having our knuckles well rapped if there was a single pot-hook awry. The teachers can't do it themselves, and they therefore cry 'sour-grapes,' and set copies in three-cornered letters like a girl's verses in a Valentine. The good old ciphering-books have gone out: they used to teach us figures, penmanship, and book-keeping, all at once. Then you seem to me to have some new-fangled school-book every month, and a new teacher almost every quarter. The cry is for cheap education—low-priced teachers; and your children fare accordingly. You have more wit than to do so with other things. You do not look out so carefully for the lowest-priced horse or bullock."

Thus the old man ran on. With due allowance for the predilections of age, there was enough of truth and reason in his complaints to make me pause and consider. The stream of knowledge is daily more diffused: I wish I were as sure that it is deeper. Often, in talking with old men, I am impressed with this truth, that while they know less about many things than we of the pre-

sent race, they know better what they had learned. If there was less compass in their knowledge, there was more weight. Confinement to a few books made them perfect in those few. You could not puzzle uncle Benjamin in the Spectator, or the Freeholder, or the poems of Pope; but he never heard of Shelley, or Bulwer, or Willis, and my friend Appletree tells me it is much the same in the learned languages. He contends, through thick and thin, that we have no scholars to match the old-school fellows of silver-buckles and hair-powder, and that since small-clothes went out, there has not been a teacher who could parse his boys in Latin. He even doubts whether our professors of language could all of them make a good off-hand Latin speech; and as to Latin verses, which used to be so common, they are as obsolete as horn-books and thumb-papers. He further avers, though I would not be held responsible for the assertion, that the men of '76 wrote purer, stronger, racier English than the men of this day; and that John Hancock, John Adams, Josiah Quincy, and George Washington, handled an easier, simpler, and manlier style, than Mr. Wise, Mr. John Quincy Adams, or Mr. Van Buren. But this, I dare say, was told me in confidence.

IX.

THE LASTING IMPRESSION OF EARLY READING.

> "But she, who set on fire his infant heart,
> And all his dreams and all his wanderings shared,
> And bless'd, the Muse and her celestial art,
> Still claim th' enthusiast's fond and first regard."
>
> BEATTIE.

In the family of a working-man, where books cannot in all cases be very numerous, it is particularly desirable that those which fall in the way of the young people should be of the right sort; and this is to be managed not so much by rules and restrictions, as by a care in the filling of the shelves. If the latter have seductive books, they will be sought after by the children, even though you should open before their eyes the most sacred homilies, or preach yourself hoarse in decrying naughty novels and song-books. This becomes more important, when we call to mind that the whole course of a man's reading is often determined by the books which he happens to enjoy in his boyhood. Robinson Crusoe has made many a sailor; Spenser's Faery Queen made Pope a versifier; Xenophon's Memorabilia made Franklin a disputant; and if I might be allowed to play

the egotist in a harmless way, I would add that the liking of which I am conscious for the old-fashioned English literature is owing to the contents of a single shelf in the house in which I spent my boyhood. That shelf contained the essays commonly known as the British Classics. I perfectly remember the eagerness with which I used to clamber up the edge of the book-cases, to reach these tempting works. At first my object was to look at the pictures, of which there were two or three in each of the thirty-nine volumes. But soon I was allured to do more; and while yet quite a little boy, was as familiar with the more light and humorous parts of Addison, Steele, Goldsmith, and Mackenzie, as I have since been with any other productions. And though books for children were fewer then than they are now, I am satisfied that the daily converse of a child with such works as the Spectator, the Guardian, and the Connoisseur, even if he finds many things above his apprehension, is more profitable and far more delightful than the perpetual dawdling over penny-volumes, written on the plan of making every thing level to the meanest capacity. These first tastes of good letters diffuse their savour through a lifetime. Hence it must be clear to every parent, that he cannot be too careful in the choice of books; meaning not merely such as are given to his children as their own, but such also as form a part of the family stock.

When I try to gather up the broken recollec-

tions of early days, and ask what pieces of reading have left the most abiding impressions upon my mind, I discern at once that it has been that class which met my attention casually: not my school-books, not the works spread before me by my sage advisers, but effusions, gay or grave, which I hastily devoured by forbidden snatches. At an early age I fell upon the Life of Benjamin Franklin, as written by himself: a book which I shall always cite as an illustration of one of my favourite maxims, that truth is more interesting than fiction. The essays appended to the volume engaged my attention; and I was not content to read merely what I could understand, but dived boldly into some of the profundities of his politics and his philosophy. The Way to Wealth, Poor Richard, and The Whistle, are perhaps as familiar to the minds of the American people, as any human productions: I may therefore cite them as remarkable instances of lasting impression. I wish my admiration of Benjamin Franklin were not mingled with anxiety as to the probable influence which one or two of these pieces, and the general tone of his economical writings, have had upon the national way of thinking. The maxims of Poor Richard are undeniable; and if the great end of man were to make money, they might be adopted as a sort of pecuniary gospel. But I fear that the boy who is bred upon such diet as—"If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as getting;" or "Six pounds a year is but a groat a

day;" or "He that murders a crown destroys all it might have produced;" or "A penny saved is twopence clear"—or any the like adages, will be not merely rich, but miserly. I am so little of a utilitarian, that I do not believe wealth to be the chief good, or frugality the cardinal virtue; and most heartily do I regret that such an authority as Franklin should have erected for us such a tutelary saint as Poor Richard.

Be this, however, as it may, my position holds true; the whole colour of our life, both mental and moral, is frequently taken from what we read during childhood; and I am here reminded that this very philosopher is an instance in point. A very little book, exceedingly prized in old-time families, seems to have had great effects on his mind. In a letter written from France, in 1784, Franklin thus addresses Dr. Mather of Boston: "When I was a boy, I met with a book, entitled, *Essays to do good*, which I think was written by your father. It had been so little regarded by a former possessor, that several leaves of it were torn out; but the remainder gave me such a turn of thinking, as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for *I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good, than on any other kind of reputation;* and if I have been, as you seem to think, a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book."* These are notable words. Let them have their

* From the American Museum, vol. vii. p. 100

lue weight with the young. They were uttered by Dr. Franklin when he was in his seventy-ninth year: they were therefore not the fruit of sudden excitement. Their import is, that if he had been useful, it was owing to a torn book read in his boyhood. I hope the republication of this remark will not only have the effect of leading every one who reads it to procure this work of the famous Cotton Mather, but will induce some publisher to give it to us in a shape more elegant and better suited to the reigning taste, than that in which it has hitherto appeared. "Such writings," says Franklin, of a similar production, "though they may be lightly passed over by many readers, yet if they make a deep impression on one active mind in a hundred, the effects may be considerable."

When the artisan, or the farmer, or the tradesman is making up a collection of books, he ought to bear in mind that a well-kept book will last a lifetime. Some of the soundest books I have were owned by my grandfather. It is great improvidence to fill our houses with trash. Ten dollars, wisely expended, will, at an auction or book-shop, furnish you with fine old copies, in sheep or even calf, of Milton, Young, Thomson, Pope, the Spectator, the Rambler, Boswell's Johnson, Plutarch's Lives, Josephus, with quite a sprinkling of later and lighter productions. And this will be a source of endless entertainment during the winter evenings.*

* See the American Mechanic, p. 267.

X.

READING FOR BEGINNERS.

> "Only, good master, while we do admire
> Thy virtue, and thy moral discipline,
> Let's be no Stoics, nor no stocks, I pray."
>
> *Taming of the Shrew.*

Rules are good things, but one may have too much of them; and overmuch legislation is a snare and a burden. Some of my friends, knowing me to be a bookish man, acquainted with a number of the old English authors, have again and again begged me to lay down for them, in black and white, a course of reading, which they might use themselves, and give to their young folks. This I have always resisted, partly because I have a dread of running all minds through the same flatting-mill, and partly, perhaps, because whatever little attainments I have myself made, have come to me, not by regulations, but in spite of them. I am half disposed to think this is nature's own way. Men and families that have been held down to as rigid a uniformity as a British garrison, whose regimental order is absolute, even to gaiter, moustache, and pipe-clay, always have, in my eye, a cramp look. They have

grown like fruit trees nailed to a garden wall, or box-wood in the old-fashioned tin moulds. Even in the fine arts, the pupil may be kept too long in the dull formalities of the drawing-school. The port-crayon need not be always in hand. As I was lately in a very interesting conversation, in a railroad car, with an eminent artist of Philadelphia, he related to me a pointed saying of our great Gilbert Stuart, dropped by the latter when he was painting in London; "If young men are ever to learn," said he, "it must be spontaneously. You must teach them to draw, as young puppies are taught to swim; chuck them in, and let them take their chance." It is somewhat so in letters; at least it has been so with the most successful. Pray, what list of authors had Franklin, Murray, or Gifford?

When I remember my boyhood, I am rapt into a little fairy-land. O how full of rules were my compulsory pursuits! O how free as air my reading! The dear old books in which I used to pore, without direction, nay, against direction—how do they rise before my memory, like ghosts of beloved friends! Their very looks are before me; I see their very "form and pressure." Nay, smile not, reader, the odours of ancient volumes, perused by me long, long ago, are in my mind's nostril this blessed night. There is Sanford and Merton—the very first "big book" I can call to mind; it was given to me by my father; I did not so much read it, as gloat over it. To this day

I cannot explain the charms of that volume; but who ever read it uncharmed? "Robinson Crusoe!" I need not tell an experience which is that of all the world. "The Thousand and One Nights"—It was somewhat a stolen enjoyment; but not less precious for that; and it opened an orient world, into which, on the mere strength of boyish fancies recollected and embalmed, it would have taken little at certain times to transport me bodily, as those incomparable fictions did in spirit. "The Pilgrim's Progress"—There were two things about this immortal story which made it dearer to me than all the rest; first, it carried with it a pleasing yet fearful shuddering as before high religious mystery; and, secondly, it was a prolonged enigma, and he is no child who loves not a riddle. In later days, the same work has commended itself to my riper judgment, by its solid sense, its holy unction, its lordly imaginings, its epic conduct, and its "English pure and undefiled"—my mother tongue—the dialect, not of the college or of books, but of the market, the shop, and the hall. I hope earnestly, that while they are hammering out for us a new language, to be called American-English, and new-vamping the orthography of all the old writers in order that the books printed on the two sides of the water may be as unlike as possible—I hope they will leave a little of the racy idiomatic speech of the old country still uncorrupt, in such books as the Pilgrim's Progress.

Set a boy to read a large book through, for a task, and you kill the book's influence on him. But spread works before him, and let a little childish caprice govern his choice, and he will learn rapidly. It is not instruction merely that the young scholar wants; here is a great mistake; no, it is excitement. Excitement is that which drives his soul on, as really as steam does the engine. But then you must keep him on the track. And the same thing holds in self-culture. Somebody has said that every well-educated man is self-educated; and he said not amiss. Even in universities the mind is its own great cultivator. Do for yourself, young reader, so far as you know how, what there is perhaps no kind friend or teacher to do for you. It may be, while you read this page, in your shop or gàrret, or by the dull light beside some greasy counter, that you would gladly have a lift above your present low pursuits, into the world of knowledge. O that I were near you, to give you such aid as I have; but in lieu of this take a friend's advice. My good fellow, write down that wish. I say, write it down. Go now and take a fair piece of paper, record your determination to get knowledge. My word for it—all experience for it—you will not be disappointed. There are, probably, not many books at your command, but no matter. Many wealthy young men, amidst thousands of volumes, pine away in listless ignorance. Sometimes we read with a double zest such things as we have to

enjoy by stealth—after hours of work, or before day. What is thus read sticks fast.

The deep impressions made by one's first reading are so delightful, that we are glad to renew them. It is like a first love. When the Bible opens before me at the story of Joseph, or the Prodigal Son, I am all at once arrested—my thoughts go back to childhood—a thousand perusals since have not dispossessed the first imaginations. They throng before my mental vision all the images of that dreamy time—all the tender cares—all the little innocent misapprehensions. What an unbought pleasure is here! Give me therefore my small shelf of books, in order that each one may be the centre of such remembrances. Let others throng the circulating libraries, and take the mingled alcohol and opium of the lecherous and envious Byron, the puling and blasphemous Shelley, the seducing Bulwer; give me my Bible, my Milton, my Cowper, my Bunyan, my shelf of histories, my shelf of biography, and my shelf of travels, and I will have more "thick coming fancies" in an hour than they in a day.

I wish you could be persuaded to let your young people run a little out of harness. A horse always in shafts learns to stumble. You would not send your boy or your girl into the orchard to eat apples and pears by a list of particulars; no, give them the key, and let them pick and choose.

XI.

READING FOR ENTERTAINMENT.

"Our kind relief against a rainy day,
We take our book, and laugh our spleen away."
DRYDEN.

THE man whose days are spent in labour does not need so great a proportion of light reading, as the professional man or the student. Nor need this paradox startle any one. As it is true that the lawyer or the bank-clerk does not need, when evening comes, to rest his limbs, for the very plain reason, that he has not been exerting them, and that they are not weary; so it is equally true, that the wheelwright or the turner does not need to relax his reasoning powers, because he has not been putting them to task. The jaded body of the workman claims its repose, the jaded mind of the scholar claims its repose; but the tired labourer may rest his limbs while he studies mathematics, just as the exhausted student may refresh his spirit while he saws wood.

I have long thought that ignorance or oversight of this truth, has been a great stumblingblock in the way of the improvement of the industrious classes. The flood of cheap novels and other

literary syllabubs is so exuberant, that, like the Nile in an overflow, it comes up to every man's door. Those who least need relaxation of mind, because they have been engaged in no mental effort, are the principal patrons of this sort of literature. I have no doubt that most of the romances of our circulating libraries are worn out in the hands of working-men and women. If their taste had not been perverted, they would be quite as much entertained with a book of science, or an instructive history, as by the frivolous story; but forgetting this, or having never known it, they go on year after year, until their minds lose all vigour, just as completely as their stomachs would have lost tone, if for a like period they had been fed upon nothing but pastries, ices, and confections.

The demand for this merely entertaining literature is evinced by the character of the large weekly newspapers, and low-priced magazines, which circulate most among operatives. I need not name these; our cities abound in them. The newspapers to which I allude are commonly issued on Saturday, and their immense sheet gives occupation to many a poor reader for the whole of Sunday. Now you will observe, that a large part of the outer form of these publications is frequently taken up with just that kind of reading which is fitted to make a sound mind sick, and a feeble mind crazy. Tales upon tales of love, of horror, of madness, and these often the effusions

of the most unpractised and contemptible scribblers, who rejoice in this channel for venting their inanities, succeed one another week after week, and are the chief reading of persons whom I could name, for year after year. If a man is bent upon novel-reading, in the name of common reason, let him go to what is worth reading—let him sate his mind with Scott, and Edgeworth, and Ferriar, and Ward; but let him not expose so delicate a thing as an undisciplined mind to the everlasting wash and ooze of such slops as these.

By such a course of reading the mind gets a surfeit: the appetite sickens, and so dies. Let this become general, let it become the taste of the country, and it will be here as it is in France. The palled interest must be awakened by more pungent condiments; and as old snuff-takers sometimes mingle cayenne in their pinch, the jaded novel readers will have recourse to the double-distilled horror and obscenity of the Parisian romance. Symptoms of this condition of things are already apparent, and it is this which makes me the more earnest in directing my young readers to a better and safer kind of entertainment.

> "Habits of close attention, thinking heads,
> Become more rare as dissipation spreads,
> Till authors hear at length one general cry—
> Tickle and entertain us, or we die.
> The loud demand, from year to year the same,
> Beggars invention, and makes fancy lame;

Till farce itself, most mournfully jejune,
Calls for the kind assistance of a tune;
And novels (witness every month's review)
Belie their name, and offer nothing new."*

Some years ago, it was frequently necessary for me to make journeys of some hundreds of miles in length. In taverns, and especially in steamboats, I found myself constantly in need of some reading which should be a relief from the prevalent listlessness. Like everybody else, I supplied myself with what is called light reading, namely, the latest tales, romances, annuals, magazines, and verses; and, like everybody else, I found myself perpetually laying down the volume in a paroxysm of insufferable ennui. Why thus? I could not but ask. Such reading has often relieved me after a day of hard study. Upon consideration, I was led to believe, that a diet of this kind is no more fit for a mind in active health, than water-gruel for a man-of-war's-man. If you set out with the purpose of being amused for several days together, the project will certainly fall through. When the edge is on the intellect unabated, it cannot be safely used upon such small matters. I was induced therefore on one occasion, as a desperate experiment, to take with me on a long journey a book on a philosophical subject in which I was interested, and which, I was sure, would task my powers to the utmost; and whether I am credited or not, I must declare the

* Cowper.

truth, I never found such a resource against the listlessness and weariness of a voyage, as in that difficult volume. Long after my own discovery, I met with the advice of Johnson: "If you are to have but one book with you on a journey, let it be a book of science. When you have read through a book of entertainment, you know it, and it can do no more for you; but a book of science is inexhaustible." The practical use I make of such truths is this: I would have all men who spend their principal hours in labour, to seek their mental relaxation in books of a higher order than those which promise mere amusement. At any rate, begin with the more solid, and make the trifling ones a last resort.

Not that I would by any means debar the young reader from works of gayety and humour; still less would I lock out pleasing narratives, whether histories or voyages and travels. These last afford perhaps the most healthful relaxation of which a wearied mind is capable. But let some useful knowledge always be the object of pursuit. Even if you seek the merest entertainment, you will find this the true policy. The nobler the game, the greater the enthusiasm of the hunter; although every shot be the same, yet the sportsman will not waste powder upon wrens. Make therefore a fair experiment of the quality and amount of pleasure which may be derived from such reading as the following: First, *Important History;* as that of Greece and Rome, of England and America.

Secondly, *Biography;* beginning with old Plutarch, the favourite of every age, and including the memoirs of the greatest men of our own land. Thirdly, *Voyages and Travels*, which give the best knowledge of geography, in all its extent, and are especially useful in enlarging the views of those persons, who, from their calling in life, cannot see much of the world. Fourthly, Books about *Natural Philosophy and Chemistry;* particularly those which suggest many easy experiments. Fifthly, Books of *Natural History;* some branch of which you may so far pursue as to make collections. Sixthly, *Poetry;* the choicest works of the great masters. And if in no one of these six chambers of knowledge you find entertainment, I must turn you over to the incurable ward of novel-reading spinsters and peevish newsmongers.

XII.

THE WORKING-MAN IN SEARCH OF KNOWLEDGE.

"In dreams, in study, and in ardent thought,
Thus was he rear'd; much wanting to assist
The growth of intellect, yet gaining more,
And every moral feeling of his soul
Strengthen'd and braced, by breathing in content
The keen, the wholesome air of poverty,
And drinking from the well of homely life."

The Excursion.

ALTHOUGH I have said so much in another place about the ways and means of gaining knowledge amidst the greatest difficulties, I cannot refrain from touching once more upon this favourite topic.* For those who have at heart the mental improvement of working-men, ought constantly to keep before their minds the truth, that there is nothing in their situation which need debar them from the attainment of even eminence in literature and science. Most of our young men, however, sit down in a sort of stupor or despondency, as if they said to themselves,—"Others may deal with books; but we, who must

* See a great number of instances in the American Mechanic, pp. 161—275.

work for a living, have no time for such entertainments." There are a great many in whom the desire of knowledge has never yet been awakened. There are the two Riddles, twin-brothers, working at the same trade; I see those young men almost daily, and perceive in their countenances and discourse every sign of intelligence; yet I dare say they no more think of making any advances in learning, than of becoming governors of states. Yet half an hour a day, properly bestowed, would make them men of valuable information in every common branch of science.

If I should urge John Crispin to apply himself to books, he would perhaps drop his lapstone and hammer, and exclaim, "What! a shoemaker get learning!" Yes; certainly. Why not? Joseph Pendrell, William Gifford, and Robert Bloomfield were all shoemakers, and all men of learning. Roger Sherman was a shoemaker, and he became first a congress-man and then a judge. He had no education but that of the common-school, and worked at his trade for some time after he was of age. He used to sit at his bench with a book open before him, giving to reading every moment that his eyes could be spared. In later life, men of the most finished education were accustomed to look up to him with reverence. Mr. Macon once said, "Roger Sherman had more common sense than any man I ever knew." Mr. Jefferson once exclaimed, as he pointed to him, "That is Mr. Sherman, of Connecticut, who never

said a foolish thing in his life." He was a true Christian, a defender of virtue, and a daily student of the Bible.

In like manner, my friend Shem Blue, the carpenter, would stare if I should hint to him the possibility of mixing a little study with his work. But I could tell him of SAMUEL LEE, one of the greatest linguists now living, who once handled the plane and chisel. He began to learn the carpenter's trade at the age of twelve, and was seventeen before he ever thought of foreign tongues. He began with the Latin, in order to understand the quotations in English books. By dint of saving and pinching himself, he would buy volume after volume at book-stalls, and, reading at night, went on till he had gained some knowledge of Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac. His learning brought him into notice; he became a schoolmaster, and at length a clergyman and professor. Now I do not advise our young carpenters to study the dead languages, unless they feel an irresistible bent towards them; but I press on them this instance to show, that a little self-denial and perseverance will enable them to lay in a great stock of useful knowledge, such as may fit them for the most intelligent society; and perhaps raise them to high office. A leading journal of New York informs us that but a few years ago JOSEPH RITNER, late governor of Pennsylvania, cracked his whip and whistled to his six horse team as briskly as any other wagoner who crossed the Alleghanies.

Thomas Ewing, a most distinguished senator, was once known chiefly as an athletic woodsman. But there is perhaps no instance of successful study, in the midst of labour, which is more encouraging than that of the blacksmith whose history has been given to the public through his own letter to Governor Everett of Massachusetts. This sketch should not be confined to the newspapers.

"I was the youngest," says the writer, "of many brethren, and my parents were poor. My means of education were limited to the advantages of a district school, and those again were circumscribed by my father's death, which deprived me, at the age of fifteen, of those scanty opportunities which I had previously enjoyed. A few months after his decease, I apprenticed myself to a blacksmith in my native village. Thither I carried an indomitable taste for reading, which I had previously acquired through the medium of the society library; all the historical works in which I had at that time perused. At the expiration of a little more than half my apprenticeship, I suddenly conceived the idea of studying Latin. Through the assistance of my elder brother, who had himself obtained a collegiate education by his own exertions, I completed my Virgil during the evenings of one winter. After some time devoted to Cicero and a few other Latin authors, I commenced the Greek. At this time it was necessary that I should devote every hour of daylight and a part of the evening to the duties of my apprentice-

ship. Still I carried my Greek grammar in my hat, and often found a moment, when I was heating some large iron, when I could place my book open before me against the chimney of my forge, and go through with *tupto*, *tupteis*, *tuptei*, unperceived by my fellow-apprentices, and, to my confusion of face, with a detrimental effect to the charge in my fire. At evening, I sat down unassisted and alone to the Iliad of Homer, twenty books of which measured my progress in that language during the evenings of another winter. I next turned to the modern languages, and was much gratified to learn that my knowledge of the Latin furnished me with a key to the literature of most of the languages of Europe.

"This circumstance gave a new impulse to the desire of acquainting myself with the philosophy, derivation, and affinity of the different European tongues. I could not be reconciled to limit myself in these investigations to a few hours after the arduous labours of the day. I therefore laid down my hammer and went to New Haven, where I recited to native teachers in French, Spanish, German, and Italian. I returned at the expiration of two years to the forge, bringing with me such books in those languages as I could procure. When I had read these books through, I commenced the Hebrew with an awakened desire of examining another field; and by assiduous application I was enabled in a few weeks to read this language with such facility, that I allotted it to myself as a task, to read two chapters in the

Hebrew Bible before breakfast each morning; this and an hour at noon being all the time that I could devote to myself during the day. After becoming somewhat familiar with this language, I looked around me for the means of initiating myself into the fields of oriental literature; and, to my deep regret and concern, I found my progress in this direction hedged up by the want of requisite books. I immediately began to devise means of obviating this obstacle; and, after many plans, I concluded to seek a place as a sailor on board some ship bound to Europe, thinking in this way to have opportunities of collecting at different ports such works in the modern and oriental languages as I found necessary for this object. I left the forge and my native place to carry this plan into execution. I travelled on foot to Boston, a distance of more than a hundred miles, to find some vessel bound to Europe. In this I was disappointed, and while revolving in my mind what steps to take, accidentally heard of the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester. I immediately bent my steps towards this place. I visited the hall of the American Antiquarian Society, and found here, to my infinite gratification, such a collection of ancient, modern, and oriental languages as I never before conceived to be collected in one place; and, sir, you may imagine with what sentiments of gratitude I was affected, when, upon evincing a desire to examine some of these rich and rare works, I was kindly invited to an unlimited participation in all the benefits of this

noble institution. Availing myself of the kindness of the directors, I spent about three hours daily at the hall, which, with an hour at noon, and about three in the evening, make up the portion of the day which I appropriate to my studies, the rest being occupied in arduous manual labour. Through the facilities afforded by this institution, I have been able to add so much to my previous acquaintance with the ancient, modern, and oriental languages, as to be able to read upwards of *fifty* of them with more or less facility."

This, it must be admitted, is an extreme case, and is to be regarded as a prodigy. We cannot expect to see many such blacksmiths, nor do we need them; but the instance proves, as Mr. Everett observed, when he introduced it to the friends of education in Bristol, that the mechanic, the engineer, the husbandman, the trader, have quite as much leisure as the average of men in the learned professions.

Let me close this paper with a remark which may serve as an encouragement to many who late in life begin to regret their neglect of past opportunities. There is such a thing as acquiring wisdom even without many books, and without great learning.

> "Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
> Have ofttimes no connexion. Knowledge dwells
> In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
> Wisdom in minds attentive to their own."*

* Cowper.

XIII.

STUDY BY STEALTH.

"Man's life, sir, being
So short, and then the way that leads unto
The knowledge of ourselves, so long and tedious,
Each minute should be precious."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

THE busiest men have some moments which they do not spend upon their regular callings: these are the moments which I have so often urged that they should give to study. Strange as some may think it, these unemployed hours often hang heavily even upon those who have been tasked all day. This is the case with all artisans whose work has dead intermissions; with many who only labour by daylight, and with the whole race of city clerks. Where dissipation does not come in, the mind will corrode itself, and become worn by melancholy broodings. This might be happily prevented by a little regular study.

As a remarkable instance of the happy use of time borrowed from sleep, I will give the following account which I have received from a clergyman who was well acquainted with the subject of the narrative.

"In the first settlement of New Virginia, as the great valley west of the Blue Ridge was then

called, one of the greatest inconveniences experienced was the want of schools. In a certain neighbourhood there was a settler who had received an excellent English education, and had brought with him a collection of choice books. This farmer agreed, in the long nights of winter, to give gratuitous instruction to as many of the young men of the neighbourhood as would resort to him. The offer was embraced by many, and among these was a modest, retiring youth who was learning the carpenter's trade. The instructor having observed that this youth, whom I will designate by his initials S. L., had a thirst for learning and was fond of reading, paid particular attention to him, and not only lent him good books, but gave him good advice as to the best method of redeeming time. S. L. profited by this advice, and being obliged to work hard all day, he adopted the practice of rising before day, and spending two hours in reading, before other people were out of bed. This practice grew into a settled habit, and was uniformly pursued through a long life, except when interrupted by bad health or some other unusual circumstance. By industry and economy the young man acquired not only competence but affluence. His house was distinguished for hospitality and good order. But what surprised all strangers, S. L. had acquired a stock of useful knowledge on almost all practical subjects. There were few valuable books in English, then common, with the contents of which

he was not well acquainted. Theology was his favourite pursuit, with all branches of which he had an intimate knowledge. But his reading was extended to all useful subjects. He could converse with the divine upon all the nice points of theology; with the lawyer and politician upon the great principles of natural law; and with the physician on the structure of the human frame, and the nature and cure of the diseases to which it is liable. While his mind was thus richly stored with useful knowledge, he never made any parade of his learning, nor had a semblance of pedantry; indeed, he did not assume any superiority on this account over his more ignorant neighbours. His judgment was as sound and discriminating as his knowledge was extensive; and his truth and integrity were never called in question. As a magistrate, as an elder, as an arbitrator, he was held in high esteem; and as the patron of literary institutions.

"In his latter years he took occasion to speak in the way of affectionate advice to a descendant of his early instructor, on which occasion he said, 'I feel it to be my duty to use this freedom towards the grandson of one to whom I owe all the little knowledge that I possess. It was your grandfather's counsel, and his lending me books that first put me in the way of reading and acquiring useful knowledge; and therefore I cannot but feel interested in the temporal and spiritual welfare of his offspring.'"

Dr. Johnson used to relate, that he was once applied to by a man who was clerk to a very eminent trader, and who was half-crazed with some scrupulosity of conscience. "I asked him," said Johnson, "when he left the counting-house of an evening? 'At seven o'clock, sir.' 'And when do you go to bed, sir?' 'At twelve o'clock.' 'Then,' replied I; 'I have at least learned thus much by my new acquaintance—that five hours of the four-and-twenty unemployed are enough for a man to go mad in: so I would advise you, sir, to study algebra, if you are not an adept already in it; your head would get less muddy.'"* In correspondence with this, the same great scholar used to advise young people never to be without a book in their pocket, to be read at times when they had nothing else to do. "It has been by that means," said he one day to a boy at Mr. Thrale's, "that all my knowledge has been gained, except what I have picked up by running about the world with my wits ready to observe, and my tongue ready to talk."

Learn to husband your odd moments. While a companion keeps you out of employment you may gain a new idea. I have been acquainted with a man who committed to memory much valuable matter while he was shaving; and have known many who were accustomed to read on horseback; one of these being the late learned and eloquent Dr. Speece of Virginia. Since the

* Croker's Boswell: 1781.

application of steam to spinning, those who attend the *mules* may read during the intervals. A mule spinner in England told Mr. Tuffnell, that in this manner he had perused several volumes. While dinner waits, one may study a minute, or even write. "I had heard," says Madame de Genlis, "that M. d'Aguesseau had written in a few years four volumes quarto, by employing the fifteen minutes a day which Madame d'Aguesseau occupied in arranging her dress before coming down to dinner. I profited by the example. The hour of dinner at the Palais Royal was fixed at two, but the Duchesse de Chartres was never ready for a quarter of an hour later; and when I came down at the appointed time, I was always desired to wait fifteen or twenty minutes. I spent that time in writing in a distinct and small hand a selection of poetry from various authors." Here is a lesson, the benefit of which need not be confined to lords and ladies. In shops, and factories, and sitting-rooms, and nurseries, the same thing may be attempted. Make the most of reading aloud. Where there is a room full of people, one who has leisure may thus instruct a dozen, or a score; provided the work is not noisy. In country places, or where operations are carried on at home, a little child may instruct the whole family. The wife and daughters may hear as well as sew. Indeed, it needs but little contrivance, in some large families, to have some instruction or entertainment going on all the while.

There are few men who do not undervalue what may be attained drop by drop. But rocks are worn away thus, and fortunes are made thus. Through the little slit in the counter, pence and sixpences fall into the till, which in the end make the tradesman's fortune. Why should not knowledge be gained in the same way? That it is not, is generally because it is not sought; no plan is laid; no effort begun. "It is astonishing," says Sir Walter Scott, "how far even half an hour a day, regularly bestowed on one object, will carry a man in making himself master of it. The habit of dawdling away time is easily acquired, and so is that of putting every moment either to use or amusement." In order to gain the most, the book must be chosen, to prevent all vacillation; and in the very spot, to prevent all delay. It is well if it be in the pocket, or on the bench, or ready opened at the place in the window-seat. O! who but those who have experienced it can tell the rapture with which knowledge is gathered in these hurried moments! What is thus read cannot but stick fast. The man who studies thus keeps his mind always on the alert. While the wealthy scholar often lounges away whole afternoons on the sofa of his library, unable to fix upon a topic of study, the poor fellow who hangs over a book-stall, or snatches a moment from his work, is enjoying a paradise of intellectual satisfaction. These are the cheap pleasures which can be caught only under pressure: for there are

joys peculiar to men in straits. I have cited Johnson: his greatest attainments were made during his greatest poverty. At one time, when he was called upon by a learned friend, he had but one chair in his apartment, and that stood on three legs: he probably enjoyed his books as much as when his library consisted of five thousand volumes. Every child knows the avidity with which he poaches among forbidden books. Little Walter Scott used to creep out of bed and read for several hours by fire-light: no man has done more to lay similar temptations in the way of others. In fine, where there is a will there will be a way; and there is nothing so much to be deplored as the stupid indifference with which many who most need the awakening influence of letters, will receive all my suggestions. Yet, if one in five hundred be helped up a single round of the ladder, I shall be of good cheer still.

XIV.

THE ART OF DRAWING VALUABLE TO MECHANICS.

"From hence the rudiments of art began;
A coal, or chalk, first imitated man:
Perhaps the shadow, taken on a wall,
Gave outlines to the rude original."

DRYDEN.

MANY persons look upon drawing as a mere accomplishment; something fitted for the misses of a boarding-school, or the parlour of a travelling dandy. This is a very partial and absurd view of the subject. However the art may be abused, as the sister art of writing also is, it is, in many respects, and to many persons, one of the useful rather than the fine arts. It has been properly said, by Mr. Rembrandt Peale, that writing is nothing else than drawing the forms of letters; and drawing is little more than writing the forms of objects.

If proper methods were employed, the art might be very advantageously introduced into the primary instruction of every school. It has a manifest tendency to cultivate the faculty of accurate observation, and there is no trade in which *form* is concerned, to which it may not contribute in a

high degree. The architect and the painter must of course be draftsmen; but we may add to these every trade which regards decoration. To have freedom and grace in sketching is of value to weavers, upholsterers, paper-hangers, coach-makers and trimmers, calico-printers, silver-platers, turners, and many other classes of artisans which need not now be named.

Almost a century ago, in 1741, the Bishop of St. Asaph published a sermon upon the then unpopular subject of general education, in which are found the following remarkable suggestions, which it seems to be reserved for our age to carry into execution. "Several gentlemen of great knowledge in business, true friends to these schools, and prudently desirous to establish a suitable plan of education in them, have yet been of opinion, that if the children were taught, as they might be at small expense, something of the *art of drawing*, it would prove beneficial in several respects. For this they urge the great perfection to which silk manufactures are now advanced in England, so as to equal if not exceed a rival nation in that commodity, except in the figure, and what is called the fancy of a pattern, which this instruction might supply: that in France the very poorest of the children are all taught to draw; that the benefits of that branch of skill are very great, for it not only multiplies persons capable of drawing patterns, and thereby lessens the expense to the manufacturer, but likewise greatly assists in the

performance of the work itself, as a workman who can himself draw a pattern will finish with greater truth and greater despatch, any given pattern, whether drawn by his own or by another hand." The same remarks, with little alteration, might be applied to the work of cabinet-makers, moulders, founders, and especially the makers and decorators of porcelain and other fine ware.

In 1835, a report was printed by a Select Committee of the House of Commons, on the state of arts as applied to manufactures; in this a number of statements occur, which confirm the view I am now presenting. As it regards the silk-manufacture, Mr. Skene testified that the English workmen copied their patterns almost entirely from the French. As to the uses of design, Mr. Harrington, an eminent silk-manufacturer, said to the committee:—"We would willingly, at the present time, engage a man at a handsome salary, conversant with the principle of weaving, as a designer, and also to put the pattern upon paper." The importance of cultivated taste in drawing, even with respect to iron-manufacture, will appear from the evidence of Mr. Smith, of Sheffield, a partner in a house which expends about six thousand dollars a year in models for stove grates and fenders; this gentleman declaring that he would not hesitate to spend two or three hundred pounds in a model for a grate, if the pattern were protected. Let the reader call to mind American stoves, in which a Gothic structure has been supported by four

claw-feet! Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, the celebrated jewellers, employed a person to design for them, to whom they paid more than two thousand dollars a year, and supplied him with a house to live in. Charles Toplis, Esq., a vice-president of the London Mechanics' Institute, gave in evidence as his opinion that drawing was of high value to a large portion of inventive artisans. "All works of construction," says he, "require to be preceded by a design on paper, or a proportionate delineation, which is often to be done by the workman himself. Workmen in these branches must therefore be necessarily trained to the accurate use of drawing-instruments, and their operations are frequently much assisted when they can express their designs by sketches made by the unguided hand. The workmen whose province it is to shape and give form to materials, are greatly aided in their operations when they can delineate the contours of the forms they wish to impart, or can model them in a yielding matter; and their taste is necessarily improved by studying the selected forms set before them for imitation during the course of their instruction in drawing or modelling." Again: "In the porcelain manufacture," says Mr. Toplis, "it is requisite that a painter there should be able to paint landscapes and other natural objects, perhaps to compose pictures; but at all events he should be able to copy a landscape and other representation accurately."

The interior decoration of houses, whether by

means of the builder and joiner, or the painter, paper-hanger, and upholsterer, presents a wide field for the display of taste and genius in the art of design. In the examination before the committee of the House of Commons, Mr. Cockerell, the distinguished architect, explained the opinions of the ancient Greeks on this subject. "We know," said he, "that a stranger who established a new branch of manufacture in Athens obtained the rights of a citizen. Athens and Ægina were the greatest manufactories of Greece in all works connected with fine arts. The artists of Ægina had more commissions in all parts of Greece than any other nation. The manufacture of bronzes, especially candelabra, is celebrated by Pliny." Mr. C. H. Smith, a sculptor of architectural ornaments, stated to the committee, that he always found those workmen who could draw, if ever so little, were more useful to him than those who were totally unable to use a pencil. "I recently," said he, "sent my foreman into Yorkshire with work; on his arrival, he found difficulties arose which he had not (nor had I) anticipated; but by letter to me, illustrated by his sketches, he explained all that I could wish for." There are many cases in which an exact draft will enable an architect or workman to ascertain, without calculation, the extent and direction of lines which, but for this, would demand the most abstruse investigations of mathematics. I have also been informed by a gentleman much conversant with

such matters, that in cases where there is doubt as to the strength of materials or other qualities of large engines, manufacturers find great advantage in making a draught of the size of nature, from the inspection of which they can form conjectures approaching to absolute accuracy. It is believed that our great Fulton, in his long train of experiments, received incalculable aid from his expertness in the art of design; for he was not merely a draughtsman, but a master of painting and perspective.

It is stated by Mr. Guillotte, a maker of the Jacquard looms, that art is much cheaper in France than in England; of course far cheaper than in America. A French capitalist employs three or four artists, where in England one artist would supply eight or ten manufacturers. Thus, in England, the designer of the pattern and he who transfers it to the manufacture are distinct persons; in France, the workman is himself the artist. "The French," says Mr. Cockerell, "have long been celebrated for their attention to design in manufactures. Their zeal in this pursuit is nowhere more manifest than in their recent prosecution of the shawl trade—in the introduction both of the material and pattern of the Cachemire shawl by M. Fernaux, and in the later investigations of M. Couder. M. Couder has established a school for shawl designs at Paris."

In Prussia, the national system includes instruction in the principles of art. There are four

schools of design, at Breslau, Kœnigsberg, Dantzic, and Cologne. Professor Beuth, the director of the Trade Institution at Berlin, several years ago published a work at the expense of the government, with copperplate engravings of models from the ancients and the middle ages, for the use of the pupils. "It is stated," says the committee above named, "that the influence of Prof. Beuth's publication is already perceptible in the shops and dwelling-houses at Berlin." Drawing is taught in every school in Bavaria. At Bruges, gratuitous instruction in drawing is given to six or seven hundred young men, and prizes are awarded annually; something of the same kind is observed at Antwerp. Besides this encouragement, it may be mentioned that in England cotton-prints are protected for three months. In France, when a boy draws well, and shows genius, he is in great demand among the leading houses, and is often fortunate enough to be taken as a partner.

Many facts might be stated, which would show that far more attention is paid to this useful art in France and Switzerland than among ourselves. Among these a striking one is extracted from M. Simond's Switzerland. "M. de Candolle, Professor of Botany at Geneva, but whose reputation is European, made use, in a course of lectures, of a very valuable collection of drawings of American plants, intrusted to him by a celebrated Spanish botanist, who having occasion for this collection sooner than was expected, sent for it back again.

M. de Candolle, having communicated the circumstance to his audience, with the expression of his regrets, some ladies who attended the lectures offered to copy, with the aid of some of their friends, the whole collection in a week; and the task was actually performed. The drawings, eight hundred and sixty in number, and filling thirteen folio volumes, were executed by one hundred and fourteen female artists; one of the ladies indeed did forty of them. In most cases, the principal parts only of each plant are coloured, the rest only traced with accuracy: the execution in general very good, and in some instances quite masterly. There is not, perhaps, another town of twenty-three thousand souls, where such a number of female artists, the greater part of course amateurs, could be found." The instance is in point to show how easily and how widely a degree of skill in this art may be diffused. That which is learned by so many may be easily learned.

I hope some readers of these hints will be led forthwith to furnish themselves with drawing materials. The extensive class of house-painters contains many who might rise to great eminence. Let me address them in the language of one of their own craft, Mr. D. R. Hay of Edinburgh. He was asked by the committee, "What do you consider the best line of study for persons intended for a profession like your own, or best adapted to improve the taste of the working-class generally?" He replied; "It is in the first place to initiate

them in the drawing of large symmetrical figures by the hand." Symmetrical figures are such as squares, ovals, and circles. They should then practise undulations and volutes. Their attention should then be directed to the vegetable kingdom, and they should begin their practice by studying from large well-developed leaves. All the common woods, that grow in such profusion by our hedgerows and road-sides, as also in the wildest and most sterile parts of the country, are worthy of the study and attention of those who wish to improve their taste in regard to what is really elegant or beautiful in form. Both grace and elegance of form are to be found in the common dock, the thistle, the fern, or even in a stalk of corn or barley. The study of such objects is within the reach of all classes; and those who thus form their taste, when they come to study the ornamental remains of Greece and Rome, will find themselves familiar with the source from which such designs are derived.

XV.

THE CULTIVATION OF MEMORY.

"Wealth, gathered long and slowly; thoughts divine
Heap that full treasure-house; and thou hast made
The gems of many a spirit's ocean thine;
—Shall the dark waters to oblivion bear
A pyramid so fair?"

HEMANS.

THIS paper may catch the eye of some young man whose earnest desire it is to improve his mind, and who is carrying on, to the best of his ability, the work of self-education. Such a one, I take for granted, will not despise any suggestions bearing on his main pursuit, from an unknown adviser who has long been making an endeavour of the very same kind. My remarks are intended to bear upon a single faculty; that is to say, on the memory.

Words would be wasted if I were to set about the task of showing the importance of the human memory. But while all acknowledge this, I do not believe there is one of our intellectual powers which is more neglected and even abused, and this even in our courses of popular education; and, if I err not, it is a fault which becomes every day more common. The error of former ages

was one directly opposite; and as extremes often concur, it still shows itself in some particular branches of study; but the popular method leaves memory very much in the background.

There is nothing in which there is more quackery than in our public schools; and this is no longer wonderful, when we consider in how many cases the instruction of youth is the dernier resort of those who can make their bread in no other way. An active competition springs up between rival teachers, and every means is used to give eclat and notoriety. It is the vanity of our age to be philosophic; the phrase is applied to every thing. We are all philosophers. We all babble concerning Bacon, and the Inductive Philosophy. Thousands who have never got the first notion of what an induction is, descant upon this or that school or school-book as being on the principles of the inductive system. Our babes learn the A B C on the principles of the immortal Bacon.

All this would be very innocent, if it were not made a stalking-horse for the introduction of noxious errors in education; and you had better filch a purse from me, than set me awry in bringing up my children. It is a part of this rigmarole of smattering teachers, to declare that all the old ways of teaching were slavish and useless. I agree that, in some respects, some of them were so. As a general declaration, however, it is far from being true. Our new instructers teach philosophically. They educe the mind. They are

resolved to teach nothing but what the child can understand as it goes along. Therefore all the old rules and antiquated catechisms are thrust aside; they are a mere load of undigested stuff upon the mind. The little infant prattlers are forsooth to analyze every thing. They chop logic with you. Every thing is made gaudy and attractive; all rules become illustrations; and all journeying to science is on the royal road.

Of other evils consequent upon this method it is not within my scope to speak, but I adduce its bad effects in the affair above mentioned. According to this plan the memory is an inferior power, to be used as little as possible; and as a matter of fact it is immeasurably less tasked in all our public schools, than it was thirty years ago. Everywhere, among young men, I hear the most honest complaints about defect of memory; and if things go on as they have begun, we shall do all within our power to reduce it to imbecility. I appeal to the experience and observation of parents: let us come to plain fact. Do your children commit to memory as much as you used to do? I ask not whether it is for better or for worse, but do they bring home as many evening-tasks as you once did? Do the boys make the house resound with passages out of Milton and Dryden, and with "capping verses"? Do the girls carry in their memory, as you used to do, scores of fine extracts from Pope and Thomson? Your reply will attest the truth of my remark, that this faculty is neglected

in our schools: we may have some indemnity, but unquestionably the memory is not improved.

This is a clear going backwards. Nor is it single; it is part and parcel of a system. The plan of the age comprises, the spirit of the age almost insures, this very thing. Look about among your friends; compare the young with the old. I venture to anticipate your conclusion; you find the memory of the latter more rich in special deposites of knowledge than the former; more fine old ingots of fact and poetry laid up in treasure. This is one of the evils attendant on a great blessing: it is the tax we pay for the multiplicity of our books. Where books are many, we can only touch and go, as travellers drink of springs by the way; where they are few, we resort to them again and again, as men drink out of their own wells. The poor man with few books is observed, even in our day, to peruse and reperuse until he has mastered their whole contents. Before the invention of printing this was often the case; as it now is in those Mohammedan countries where all books are in manuscript. The poems of Homer were repeated for generations by strolling rhapsodists, or minstrels, before they were committed to writing; and long after they were transcribed, they were in whole or in large part treasured in the minds of the people. It was said in my hearing by Dr. Wolff, the celebrated missionary, that a European or American would be astonished at the number of persons in Persia

who know by rote all the productions of their principal poets.

Among the Mohammedans it is a common achievement to commit the Koran to memory. The following Egyptian anecdote is related in Mr. Lane's "Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians:"—

"A man was employed in Cairo to be a schoolmaster. He could neither read nor write, but he could recite the Koran from beginning to end. His plan was, to hear the boys repeat their lessons, which are always in this book. As to the writing, he employed the head-boy in the school to attend to this, pretending that his eyes were weak. A few days after he had taken upon himself this office, a poor woman brought a letter for him to read to her from her son, who had gone on pilgrimage. He pretended to read it, but said nothing; and the woman, inferring from his silence that the letter contained bad news, said to him, 'Shall I shriek?" He answered, 'Yes.' 'Shall I rend my clothes?' He answered, 'Yes.' So the poor woman returned to her house, and with her assembled friends performed the lamentation and other ceremonies usual on the occasion of death. Not many days after this her son arrived, and she asked him what he could mean by giving her such an alarm. The explanation was given, the letter was produced, and the teacher was called to account for his imposture. His ready apology was: 'God alone knows futurity! How could I

know that your son would arrive in safety? It was better that you should think him dead, than expect to see him and be disappointed.'"

As to the Jews, it is not only a common thing for them to have the whole Hebrew Bible in their memory, but also large portions of the Talmud, which is a collection of comments five or six times as extensive. One of their own chroniclers relates a fact which illustrates this observation. In the seventh century the copies of the Talmud became very scarce in Persia, in consequence of one of those hideous persecutions to which this unconquerable race has been so often subjected. A celebrated Rabbi, fearing lest the precious work should be irreparably lost, fell upon the happy expedient of consigning it, in portions, to the memory of his several scholars, giving to each a single treatise. At the appointed time the scholars were assembled, and the immense work was rehearsed without the error of a jot or tittle. Strange as this legend may seem, I think it right to say, that it is cited with credence by an eminent German author of our day, who adds this declaration: "Even now, I would wager, that the same experiment would have a like result. The most orthodox Jews, those most attached to the Talmud, among all who live in Europe, are to be found in Lithuania and Poland. Now let the prince who reigns over them send forth an edict through his extensive dominions, that at the end of three months every Talmud shall be delivered up and

destroyed, except a single one with which to make the trial. Within four months the Jews will produce twelve rabbins who shall repeat the contents of the work word for word."* Indeed, a Jew has exhibited himself in London within the last few months, who publicly submitted to a trial in proof of his having every word of this immense mass in his memory.

It would be tedious to recite the instances of amazing memory given in ancient books. Themistocles learned to speak Persian in a year. Mithridates knew two-and-twenty languages. Crassus professed to be familiar with five dialects of the Greek tongue. Cyrus remembered the names of all his soldiers.† Theodectes could repeat any number of verses which were read to him. Erasmus knew all Terence and Horace by heart; and Beza could repeat the Psalms in Hebrew, and St. Paul's epistles in Greek. The great Pascal, in modern times, had a memory from which nothing seemed to escape. In our own country Dr. Nesbit, once president of Dickinson College, is reported to have known every line in Virgil. But I am becoming prolix, and must therefore take a fresh pen for the more practical part of my subject.

* Professor Grörer, of Stuttgart, in his History of Primitive Christianity.

† Quintilian, Inst. Orat. lib. xi. 2.

XVI.

THE CULTIVATION OF MEMORY.

Continued.

> "The busy power
> Of memory her ideal train preserves
> Entire; or when they would elude her watch,
> Reclaims their fleeting footsteps from the waste
> Of dark oblivion." AKENSIDE.

ARISTOTLE held, as I am told by the schoolmaster, that all remembrance is owing to a physical impression made on the brain. Thus he is enabled to account for the quickness and shortness of memory in children; because the brain of the little one is soft, and therefore easily takes a mark, and as easily loses it. On the other hand, the brain of old men is tough and rigid, so that it neither takes nor loses an impression with facility. This theory is exploded, but it still serves to illustrate the principle that it is in early life that the memory must be chiefly disciplined. This is a most important truth in education, but very much overlooked in the pretended philosophy of education. It is important as directing us to the proper studies for our children. There are some things which we must teach them now, because they

cannot learn them so well hereafter: there are other things which we must teach them hereafter, because they cannot learn them any better, if even so well, now. The things which children should learn now, are all those which exercise memory rather than reason: such is whatever concerns language, and whatever it is important to remember in certain terms. All rules and forms which will be perpetually coming into play in subsequent studies or in active life, should be deeply engraven upon the memory. Rules of grammar, religious catechisms, and the words of Holy Scripture are especially of this sort. And that parent is trifling with the future happiness and usefulness of his child, who allows himself to be decoyed into the absurd rule of inculcating nothing upon the memory until it can be comprehended by the understanding.

But I must leave the children, and return to the young men. What are they to do? And especially what are they to do, if they have heretofore been neglected? Is there any chance of redeeming lost opportunities? or rather, is there not occasion for despair? One of my maxims about every thing is, *Never despair:* another maxim is, *Never stand still;* that is, never, in youth or age, allow yourself to think you have reached the ne plus ultra. Resolve to reform every error, to cure every disorder, and to supply every defect, as long as you live. Instead therefore of indulging in pusillanimous complaints and indolent wishes about the defects of your memory, set about sup-

plying them. The very thing I am writing for is to induce you to undertake this very work. Your whole success depends upon two quite simple principles:

FIRST. *The memory must be exercised.* The law of all our powers, of mind and body, is the same. They grow in proportion to their healthful exercise. It is so with muscles. Compare the arm of the tailor with that of the blacksmith or the woodman. Compare the voice of the chimney-sweep with that of the silent house-servant. Compare your own hand with that of your neighbour whose way of life is the reverse of your own. If your memory is weak, it is probably from want of exercise. Not but that there are great original diversities; but still there is not more than one in five hundred whose memory might not be improved to a degree sufficient for every useful purpose. You have either been entirely neglected, or the discipline of your memory, having been attended to in your childhood, has since been intermitted. If the former, you have no recollection of any labours in this kind; if the latter, you find it much harder to get any thing by rote than once you did. Whichever of these is the case, you are now to begin, and practise, by suitable degrees. Though it is a faculty which admits of being put upon immense exertions where it has been trained, it must be brought up from decay by degrees. You must commit to memory, as a task. The task must

be frequently renewed, and the matters given in charge to the memory must be increased by very slow degrees.

My friend, the schoolmaster, declares to me that he has seen the most astonishing cures wrought among his lads. He has a number of little rules respecting memory, which are worth being recorded. Here are some of them.

Memory depends on three things.

1. *Attention.* Attend and you will remember. The more you attend, the better will you remember. Great fixedness of attention will burn the thing into your mind. Perhaps the whole of your difficulty has this origin. If so, you must go back one step, and cultivate the habit of concentrating your thoughts.

2. *Repetition.* Repeat and you will remember. Drop after drop wears away rocks. But a particular sort of repetition must be recommended: Repeat and examine yourself. This is the remark of Lord Bacon, and almost every child has tried the experiment: "You will not so easily learn a piece of writing by rote by reading it over twenty times, as by reading it over ten times and trying every time to recite it, looking at the book whenever you fail."*

3. *Associations of pleasure or pain.* Even a dog remembers where he has been whipped, and an ox where he has been watered. It was the

* Bacon, Nov. Org. lib. ii. Aph. 28.

custom, in old times, in England, to whip the boys of a neighbourhood at each of the march-stones, or division marks, between parishes; in order to fix it in their memories. The Choctaws are said to inculcate their traditions upon the young people, in a similar way. I would not, indeed, prescribe self-flagellation, great as its virtues are supposed to be in some orders of monks, but would strenuously recommend it to you, to call up as vivid associations of a pleasurable kind as you can around those things which you endeavour to remember.

The schoolmaster declares that he is convinced the ancients were right in enjoining it on their scholars when they wished to learn any thing with remarkable ease, to sleep upon it; that is to rehearse it just before going to rest, and just after rising.

SECOND. *The memory must be trusted.* This principle is not less important than the foregoing, though less obvious. Those have the most accurate, prompt, and faithful recollection, who confide most to their memory. It is a jealous faculty, and does not willingly see its functions assigned to another. Men who make it their habit to carry every thing in their heads, seldom blunder; men who jot down every thing are lost without their tablets. The penny-post knows a list of more names and numbers than you or I could commit to memory in a week. A respectable merchant lately said to me, "I have scarcely any memory,

and I attribute it to the habit of our business, in which we never trust any thing to our recollection, without an entry in some book." Judge Y——, of New York, used to declare that without his notes of evidence he could not aver that this or that witness had made any observation. This agrees with what is said by old Montaigne: "I can do nothing," says he, "without my memorandum-book; and so great is my difficulty in remembering proper names, that I am forced to call my domestic servants by their offices." On the other hand, the schoolmaster relates of Hortensius, the great rival of Cicero, that he could attend a protracted auction, and then at the end of the sale give as accurate a list of items and prices as the clerks who kept minutes. I can believe this the more readily from what I have myself known of an analogous feat in an eminent merchant of a southern city.

Practise then upon the maxim, to intrust every thing to your memory which may be done so *safely*. What we sometimes hear about "overburdening the memory" is the mere cant of a false philosophy. Memory is not a beast of burden. No man ever realized the threatened evil. We may make our memory labour to weariness at one time; so may we do with the judgment. But in neither case is it the multitude of particulars which distresses the mind. We may again charge the memory with what is useless or injurious; but this is clearly distinct from going beyond its

capacity. We may further try to remember too much. But that any pain or other evil is consequent from the mere amount of things actually remembered, I resolutely deny. Trust your memory therefore. Beware of an inordinate use of common-place books. They have their use; but you will often find that a great transcriber into such volumes leaves all his stores behind him when he shuts his study-door. And I have heard the schoolmaster read passages out of Bayle, going to show that all common-place books were condemned by several of the most learned men of former days; as by Saumaise or Salmasius, by Menage, and by Govean; the last of whom went so far that he would not admit pen and ink into his library, lest transcription should interrupt his thinking and impair his memory.* It must be confessed that this would be ruinous to a poor writer of scraps, such as myself.

* Bayle's Dict. art. *Ancillon*.

XVII.

THE WORKING-MAN'S JOURNEYS.

"Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits."
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

The ease with which we go from one place to another makes us a travelling people, perhaps to as great an extent as is true of any equal number of persons in the world. Go when you will upon any of the great thoroughfares, as between Boston and Providence, between Baltimore and Philadelphia, or especially between Philadelphia and New York, and you find the steamers, cars, and coaches filled with wanderers. I never cease to wonder as to what may be the impelling motive with so great a number, for so long a period. I have nevertheless been led to the opinion that our artisans do not travel a great deal, or even as much as several other classes which might be named. It is true they, like their neighbours, must sometimes change their place. When work is dull in one town they go to another, and there are thus two streams of workmen perpetually setting between our two great cities; while, in a smaller degree, a similar circulation of labour is kept up through the whole country. There is also a cur-

rent of emigrants to the west, and in this there is always a considerable infusion of mechanical labour. But still, whatever may be done from necessity, mechanics as a class do not jaunt about much for pleasure, or for the purpose of gaining those particular advantages which have been supposed to result from travelling. Yet the mechanic often needs recreation and change of air; and where his business admits of it, it would be well if he could more frequently roam a little over the face of our wide land. In some countries, it is thought so important for young mechanics to travel for improvement in their craft, that it is enjoined by law. This is particularly the case in the German states, and deserves consideration from our enterprising mechanics. A German artisan is not thought to have completed his education until he has spent some months or years in working abroad. The custom is very ancient, and arose in a time when the modes of communicating knowledge which we now have were altogether unknown. There were, in that day, no Builder's or Millwright's Guides, no Manuals for Weavers, Watchmakers, or Dyers, no Tailor's Magazines. Men of trades as well as men of letters were forced to go from place to place, in order to pick up the nicer operations of their craft. The stream of travel naturally tended from the ruder to the more civilized nations. In the middle ages, when Germany was rough and Italy refined, the young men who followed in the train

of German princes and nobles on their expeditions to the south, brought back new trades and new methods from Tuscany or Venice. From being an accidental thing it grew to be imperative, and the Guilds or *Trades' Unions* of that day made it a condition of entrance into their bodies, that the applicant should have spent a certain number of years away from the place of his apprenticeship. They regarded this as indispensably necessary to the dignity and improvement of their calling.

This was very important when every art was a mystery, and when the sleight of a clever workman was as sacred as the nostrum of a quack. It was often but little of a trade that the master-workman could give his boys; and even where he was skilled, he too frequently kept his own secret, or set on it an exorbitant price. To acquire the higher polish of the art, a young man must go through other countries, and pick up as much as possible of their improvements. In this *wanderjahre*, or year of wandering, the journeyman found many things to learn. He saw some or all the materials of his daily operations, in their place of origin, or in great factories; he consulted with celebrated artisans, or worked in favoured establishments, and beheld the highest achievements of his art. The manifest tendency of the system was to equalize information, to throw happy inventions into the common stock; to awaken emulation and quicken genius; to enlarge

the views and add to the stock of processes. Besides the acknowledged advantages of all travelling, in an age when there was not much to prevent stagnation of trade, it contributed to lessen the number of hands where there were too many, and to furnish labour abroad when it became scarce.

The system continues to be thought useful, although it is known to labour under some great disadvantages. It tends in many instances to produce roving habits, and affords great facilities for idleness and dissipation. I am therefore very far from recommending any such regular plan for our own country. But to a certain extent our mechanics might take the hint, and avail themselves of some of the advantages of travelling. I have known one carpenter who made a voyage to Europe for the express purpose of gaining new ideas in his business; and I see no reason why it should not be more common with the better class of workmen. Particularly in all that relates to architecture or other decorative arts, it would seem to be highly desirable that the adept should have fully before his mind's eye the greatest works in his own department. Sir John Soane, the son of a bricklayer, was an architect of great eminence, and derived much of his taste and skill from a visit of some years to Rome. But without crossing the seas, our enterprising artisans might contrive to know a little more about one another,

and to make short trips for health at the same time subservient to the progress of their arts. It has been very common for agriculturists to pursue this plan, as in the case of the noted Arthur Young: why should it not yield its fruits to the mechanic arts? If the young traveller were to keep a few memoranda of his more valuable observations, it would be a useful exercise for his mind, and would be useful in subsequent years. And if no objection can be raised against this but an indisposition to expend a few dollars, I can only say that this frugality would be much more wisely applied to other and less profitable indulgences. Before leaving this subject, I ought to remind my young readers, that in their journeys for pleasure or business, they may gain a large increase of knowledge from all the strangers into whose company they are thrown. Experience soon teaches the traveller, that there is no one from whom either amusement or information may not be extracted. "For ourselves," says Sir Walter Scott, "we can assure the reader—and perhaps if we have ever been able to afford him amusement, it is owing in a great degree to this cause—that we never found ourselves in company with the stupidest of all possible companions in a post-chaise, or with the most arrant cumber-corner that ever occupied a place in the mail-coach, without finding that, in the course of our conversation with him, we had some ideas suggested to us,

either grave or gay, or some information communicated in the course of our journey, which we should have regretted not to have learned, and which we should be sorry to have immediately forgotten."

XVIII.

APPRENTICES.

"Ye masters, then,
Be mindful of the rough, laborious hand
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;
Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad
Whose toil to yours is warmth and graceful pride."
THOMSON.

IF every thing is ever effectually done in this country, towards elevating the industrious classes to their due place in society, the work must begin with those who are in youth. In regard to mind, manners, or morals, we cannot expect very great improvement in those who have passed middle life: our endeavours should be directed to the apprentice.

The relation of master and apprentice was a closer and a warmer one in former days. The lad was willing to allow that he had a *master*, for a certain time and a certain purpose, and in expectation of being one day a master himself. He thought this was no more disgraceful, than the subordination of the scholar to his teacher, or the soldier to his captain. And, in return, the employer felt a responsibility proportioned to his authority. Good men were accustomed to treat

their apprentices as their sons; they gave them many little instructions out of the line of the trade, and had an eye to their religious duties. It is unnecessary to say, that the state of things is very much altered. Insubordination, radicalism, and a false and impracticable theory of equal rights, have destroyed the gentle authority which used to exist. The whole affair of indentures, as my readers very well know, is in some places becoming a mere formality. It is less common than it used to be for boys to serve out their whole time. Many influences are at work to make lads impatient, and loath to continue in one place, however good. And when they abscond from their proper service, it is not every employer who now thinks it worth his while to take the legal measures for recovering their time. It is known to those who are conversant with mechanical establishments in our cities, that the old-fashioned system is found to be ineffectual; so that master-workmen have to try new methods of getting the requisite amount of work from their hands. In some cases, this is effected by small remunerations for task-work. There are many shops in which there are no regular apprentices; the employers choosing rather to hire such labour as they can get. I have even heard the opinion expressed that the day is not far off when the whole system of apprenticeship will be thrown aside.

The spirit of our age and country is a spirit of restless hurry. We are for quick turns, short

cuts, and sudden results. Amidst the increased risks of human life, seven years is a great portion of the human span. Another trait of our national character is a dislike to all rule, just or unjust. It is natural for a boy to prefer variety to sameness of occupation; and when regular service is no longer compulsory, we must expect to see our youth flying from the severe work of shops to those chance jobs which give bread to so many thousands in our streets.

The effects of this condition of things are manifestly bad. We are falling between two systems. We are slipping away from the old plan of former ages, and have not yet alighted upon a better—one more suited to modern improvements. If boys and youth may serve one year or six years at their own option, if they may run from one employer to another, upon every whim; if they may even exchange their trade two or three times before they come of age,—is it not as plain as day, that the *proportion* of really accomplished workmen must lessen from year to year? And this being the case, several evils must necessarily ensue, which are too obvious to need recital.

But the nature of things does not alter: skilled labour, like other commodities, will find a market, and will bring the highest price. This is beginning to show itself in certain kinds of manufacture, in which foreign artisans are coming in, to the exclusion of our own countrymen. It is as vain as it is unrighteous, for us to fold our arms and

raise an outcry against foreign labour, and form associations of native Americans. If we do not secure the thorough *trade-education* of our own youth, we must expect to see all the finer and more difficult branches taken out of our hands. As a general thing, I am glad to know that this is far from being the case: I speak only of *tendencies*, and I do not think it can be denied that the tendency of the change I have mentioned is to evil.

But there are moral consequences of this relaxation of the old system, which are still more to be deplored. As the tie between the employer and the apprentice becomes slight, there is a lessening of authority on the one side and of duty on the other, as well as of affection on both. We often talk of the advantages of domestic influence, the bonds of the fireside, the charm of home: and on this point it would be hard for us to speak too much, or too enthusiastically. *But where is the apprentice's home?* It is not in his father's house: in the greater number of cases, this is not within reach. It is not his employer's house; at least under the prevailing system, and in our cities and large towns. For this there are various reasons. In great manufactories, where there are at least a dozen boys—these of course cannot be allowed to overrun the employer's house: they are often put out to board elsewhere. In neither case have they a *home*.—Even where there is only an ordinary number, as the master is no longer a parent, the apprentice feels no longer like a son.

Where can he spend his evenings? Not in the garret or loft where he sleeps: in winter it is cold; in summer it is suffocating.—Not in the kitchen: he would be in the way. Not in the sitting-room: that would be too familiar.—Where can he spend the long hours of his Sunday? Let us look the truth in the face: *The apprentice has no home.* Is it any wonder that at night we hear the heavy tramp of their feet upon our pavements as they career along by scores? Is it any wonder that they crowd our oyster-houses, porter-cellars, bar-rooms, shows, and wait for checks about the doors of our theatres?

The moral consequences of this I need not dwell upon: they are open to the day. I am not so chimerical as to propose a return to old ways, or to hang on the wheels of modern improvement. I only urge, that the old system of master and apprentice, when carried out in practice, had certain advantages, which are not provided for in our present methods. If we do not wish our young mechanics to become an easy prey to vice, we must set about some preventive measures. The apprentice must have some agreeable place in which to spend his leisure moments. I am accustomed to see some of the best youth I know, passing their Sundays in the street or the fields. Vice opens many doors to the less scrupulous: surely virtue ought to do as much. For a number of years, it has been my deliberate and unchanged opinion, that no man could bestow a greater benefit

on our working-classes, than he who should devise and offer to apprentices a pleasing, popular, and ever-open resort for their leisure hours, where they might not only feel at home, but be out of the reach of temptation, and in the way of mental improvement. It is worthy of consideration in our Lyceums and Mechanics' Institutes. And if this volume should fall into the hands of any friends of the young mechanic, in such towns or villages as are without Lyceums or Mechanics' Institutions, I would urge on them a new and strenuous effort to procure the establishment of such truly useful associations. The attempt will cost some pains; it will be opposed by some, and sneered at by others, and some will stand aloof and recount the history of similar enterprises, and their failure. But, nevertheless, the thing has been done, and can be done again; and there is no good reason why every town in America should not be adorned by a graceful edifice devoted to the mental improvement of the young artisan.

XIX.

TRADES' UNIONS.

"Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all."
POPE.

UPON the question, *What shall be the wages of labour?* the world of enterprise is naturally divided into two parties. For it is obvious, that the employer will desire to give as little as he can, and the workman to receive as much as he can. And in the great majority of instances, the advantage in this contest has been on the side of the master-workmen, as being able to combine more easily, and to subsist longer without new receipts. This state of things, however, has received a very important disturbance from the expansion of the credit system; which, so far as this controversy is concerned, has brought the two parties more nearly upon a level.

In order to place themselves upon terms of some equality in the contest, it was necessary that operatives should in some way or other combine for mutual support; and in the case of those who are

called "skilled workmen," the effect of such combinations has often been sudden and extensive.

In attempting to raise and keep up wages above their natural rate, various methods have been used. The most obvious is that of refusing to work for less than a certain sum agreed upon; and where the combination is universal or very extensive, this is likely to have its effect in the case of skilled labour. Another method not much unlike this in its principle, is that of combining to lessen the hours of labour, the price remaining the same. A third is that of limiting the number of skilled workmen in any district; and this method has from time to time been imbodied in the municipal customs and statutory provisions of many countries. To this source we owe all the guilds or trade-corporations of England, the statutes of apprenticeship, the tours of journeymen (*wanderjahre*) in Germany, and similar expedients; the object being in every case the same, namely, to make labour more costly, by making it more difficult to be procured. Upon the same principle, in some of the Spice Islands, it has been customary to destroy part of the pepper crop in order to raise the price of the commodity.

The corporations of the middle ages were the basis of all our municipal privileges, as indeed they were the cradle of modern civic prosperity in general: they were, in those rude periods, a necessary safeguard for the peaceful burgher against the ruthless and iron-handed barons and

their feudatories. But the state of things has greatly changed with the advancement of society. As the defences of established law have formed themselves around the mechanic and the labourer, those irregular and extraordinary provisions should have been abandoned; as being no less antiquated and no less dangerous than the famous Secret Tribunals of the dark ages; which nevertheless were almost demanded in a state of things where society was in a perpetual conflict:

> "For why? Because the good old rule
> Sufficed them; the simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."*

But we have lived to see a new growth springing up in the rank soil of modern civilization. In the unexampled increase and mighty influence of Trades' Unions there is every thing to awaken the interest of the political and the moral philosopher. Viewing what has occurred within a few years, we can only say, with Talleyrand, *It is the beginning of the end!* No man can examine the influence of this organization of the working-classes, without perceiving that, unless arrested, it must give origin to a state of society totally different from any that the world has ever seen; whether better or worse than that which has preceded, events will prove.

* Wordsworth.

The early dissensions of republican Rome gave occasion to Menenius Agrippa to rehearse the fable of the Belly and the Members; an apologue which is no less instructive and appropriate now, than it was then. Nothing can fail to be disorganizing and ruinous, which tends to set the rich against the poor, or marshals these two classes into conflicting hosts. And such is the tendency of that fearful system which is beginning to spread itself among our happy yeomanry.

XX.

TRADES' UNIONS.

Continued.

> "We see, we hear with peril: Safety dwells
> Remote from multitude. The world's a school
> Of wrong, and what proficients swarm around!
> We must or imitate or disapprove;
> Must list as their accomplices or foes."
>
> YOUNG.

THE true way to judge of Trades' Unions is to see them at home; to examine their working in the place of their origin, and where their influence is most extensive. In this country they are still in their infancy, and we can scarcely see their ultimate tendencies; but in Great Britain and Ireland they have existed for a long period, and we may sit in fair judgment upon their results. Every year brings us nearer and nearer to the transatlantic pattern: we borrow their organization, their methods, their "slang-terms," and their men. Here, as there, we have our weekly contributions, our forms of initiation, our committees of vigilance, our flags and mottoes and processions. Perhaps in due course of time we may have our burnings, maimings, and assassinations. But be-

fore we allow things to get to this pass, it becomes us to sit down and count the cost. Let us look into some of the reasons *pro* and *contra*.

If a contest were necessary between the rich and the poor, (which we heartily believe it is not, but on the contrary that, in the long run, their interests are identical,) if it were necessary that capital and labour should be placed in conflict— we should be ready to concede that every facility and aid should be allowed to the working-man, because he is under all sorts of disadvantage. This is less true in America, where, for the most part, labour and capital go together; but in Great Britain mechanics and other labourers need every species of lawful union to bear them up against the weight of capital and easy concert which is marshalled on the other side. No man who has a heart can become acquainted with the distresses which exist in the thronged manufactories of Britain, without being tempted to pray that this unnatural system may never become paramount in our own beloved country, where millions of untilled acres still invite the pallid and starving artisan. No wonder the working-classes desire to increase the rewards of labour; no wonder they take pity on their own flesh and blood, and combine to relieve them. And if wages, by any such expedient, could be made to rise and stand at an elevated point, we should say that the benefit had almost indemnified society for the dreadful losses sustained in the process. If, as has been held by

But imagine the case, that all the Unions, of all the trades thus combined in all the country, agree to force up the wages of labour. Unless they can simultaneously augment the productive power of the country, there is of necessity a fall in profits, or, in other words, a decrease in the accumulation of capital. Let us hear Dr. Vethake upon this point. "Every retardation of the rate in which capital accumulates will be accompanied by the two effects of a less rapid increase of population, and of a diminished rate of wages. Moreover, but for the enjoyment *for a time* by the labouring classes of a higher rate of wages, which will render them less disposed to content themselves with the wages they were before accustomed to, the diminution of wages will proceed until they are reduced once more to their former rate. The tendency of them, however, to be for this reason at a somewhat higher rate than formerly, would in all probability be more than counteracted by the sum total of production, when compared with the augmented population, having, from the necessity of applying capital and labour to the land under more disadvantageous circumstances than before, become diminished; a condition of things, it will be recollected, implying a rise of rents, and a fall of profits and *wages*." The same learned man guards us against the selfish rejoinder that this effect may not take place until years shall have passed away; by showing that *from the very moment* a rise of wages takes place, the rate of

profits will be reduced, capital accumulate slowly, and wages will fall. Besides this, the *real* wages of the working-man will not increase by any means as his *pecuniary* wages. He will find it harder to get work, and the commodities he needs will be higher in price.

The voice of political philosophy is therefore unequivocal. "*Even setting aside wholly* (says Dr. Vethake) *the permanently injurious effects to result*, I think that an unprejudiced person can scarcely avoid concluding against every system of the kind: not only in respect to the interests of the community regarded as a whole, but also in respect to those of the very parties to benefit whom is the object proposed."

XXI.

THE WORKING-MAN'S LIBERTIES.

"Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue, she alone is free."

MILTON.

IT would be much too trite to be welcome, if I were to say, that the tendency of things, in our free country, is towards licentiousness. But I shall account myself happy, if tumults, and revolts against equitable rule, do not drive some among us to ask for a strong government, as a resource against perpetual alarms. There is danger of this; and the way to counteract a disposition so unlike that in which we were all bred, and so inconsistent with the principles of our government, is certainly not unworthy of being searched for. In a knot of village politicians, whom I sometimes encounter of an evening, I listen with both ears to whatever may be said; and though I am without a tongue in such matters, I cannot help having an opinion. One thing is constantly showing itself, and I ask attention to my surmises. The red-hot Jacobins of our time are playing into the hands of the absolutists of Europe. While they try to set the poor against the rich—forgetting that he who is

poor to-day may be rich to-morrow; while they dupe the unthinking with the old Agrarian song which befooled the Romans under the Gracchi, and the English mob under Jack Cade, and will never fail, till the world be wiser, to lift the demagogue another round of the ladder, and crush the poor fellows of whom he has made his stepping-stone; while they teach that all rule is tyranny, and all subordination degrading, they are preparing the happiest consummation for the enemies of republican government. No union of foreign legitimists could break our bulwarks. All the power of Europe would only, like pressure on an arch, compact us more closely. Open assault, though gigantic and reiterated, would put us on our strong national points of resistance; nor do I believe there is the power on earth which could force a king upon America. The blood of the old free colonists runs proudly yet. All fourth of July harangues to the contrary notwithstanding —we never were slaves; we never can be—unless we sell ourselves.

I am alarmed to hear quiet men expressing themselves in new phrases; as if our great experiment had almost failed. They have no reason to say so, except the rampant licentiousness and turbulent ferocity of certain agitators. But these occasional outbreaks tend to loosen our anchorage, to strain our holdfasts, and even when we wish to weigh and be off, the cables may part just when the anchors come a-peak. Principles are wearing

away silently but fast, in some very useful minds, which might be of great service to us at a pinch; and this change is owing entirely to the revulsion caused by licentious temerity.

I am not one of those who dread so much from the *direct* influence of mobs and riots. There is, in the worst of them more show of teeth than bloodshed, more powder than ball; thanks to Providence that it is so. More lives are lost in a dozen street-fights, or one steam-explosion, than in the riots of ten years. We are a strong people, and can resist a number of partial shocks, just as we resisted Shays' insurrection, and the Whisky Boys. Our Anglo-Saxon reserve holds off the supreme, ultimate force of repression as long as possible; but it comes out at last, like Neptune, to still the waves. "A disorderly multitude," says Addison, in one of his works, which we have learned from British tories to neglect,* "a disorderly multitude contending with the body of the legislature, is like a man in a fit under the conduct of one in the fulness of his health and strength. Such a one is sure to be overruled in a little time, though he deals about his blows, and exerts himself in the most furious convulsions while the distemper is upon him." But my apprehensions are of another sort. Our danger is from the disgust which is likely to arise in a large and influential portion of society, upon beholding the destructive efforts of ambitious or disaffected citizens. The

* The Freeholder, No. 28.

frame of our government, as left us by the heroic men who planned and established it, is the master-piece of political architecture; it was often and justly compared to a Temple of Freedom. "But now," we may say with an ancient poet, "they break down the carved work thereof with axes and hammers." There is perhaps no man, of any trade, who does not think himself wise enough to tinker at a state constitution.

With the aid of my friend Mr. Appletree, the schoolmaster, and my favourite Plutarch, I could easily multiply instances of the dangers of licentiousness and excess among a free people. The ancient histories are full of this. So are the eventful stories of modern Italy. A volume might be filled with the turmoil of Florence alone. And all these examples go to show how important it is for our young men to set out in life with proper principles, and to maintain the golden mean betwixt Scylla and Charybdis. For there are two extremes. On the one side is the scented, girlish, long-haired fopling, fresh from Paris or London, who tries to acquire distinction by disparaging American institutions. Though his grandfather, perhaps, wrought with his own hands, the stripling looks on all republicanism as ungenteel. And on the other side is the braggart and ruffian, who would resign every question to the mob as the source of power, and have the country convulsed by annual popular elections of every functionary from a judge to a constable. "A usurping popu-

lace," said Swift, "is its own dupe, a mere under-worker, and a purchaser in trust for some simple tyrant, whose state and power they advance to their own ruin, with as blind an instinct as those worms that die with weaving magnificent habits for beings of a superior order. The people are more dexterous in pulling down and setting up, than at preserving what is fixed: and they are not fonder of seizing more than their own, than they are of delivering it up again to the worst bidder, with their own into the bargain."

The upshot of the matter is this: people should be taught from their cradles what true freedom is, and how it is to be maintained; how it differs from lawlessness and misrule, and how closely it is connected with popular virtue. The boy at school and in the shop should be taught, that nothing can be done without order; that there can be no order without law; that all law demands obedience; and that in such obedience to rightful authority, there is nothing which either injures or degrades. The apprentice and the journeyman should learn betimes, that to loosen a single pin of the social machine is like loosening the pin of a steam-engine; and wherever the disorganization may begin, it will never stop till it ruins those who have begun it. When public disorders, and civil broils, and revolutionary violence once enter, the very class of persons who always bear the worst of the tempest, is that for whose benefit I am writing—the honest, temperate, home-loving, industrious, frugal working-men.

XXII.

THE WORKING-MAN IN A STRANGE LAND.

"But the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself; for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt."

Lev. xix. 34.

On a cold Saturday night, I stepped into a hatter's shop, in New York, to supply the loss of a beaver, which had been hopelessly injured in a crush at a public meeting. The gas-light before the door threw its gleam directly in the face of a young woman who was sitting near the counter. I perceived in a moment that she was thin, pale, and sorrowful. Her dark hair was ready to fall over her cheeks, as if she had forgotten to fasten it; her lips seemed to move; and the folds of a scanty black woollen shawl could not so far hide her hands but that I perceived she was wringing them. I remained some minutes in the shop, and, during that time, saw at least seven or eight young women and girls come into the place with work which they had been doing, after delivering which they received their payment. But still this sad creature kept her seat. At length the young man of the establishment said, in a tone somewhat

peevish, "Come, Jane—it is nearly ten o'clock—I am going to shut up—and you know you have been paid." She looked wildly up for a moment, and then dashed out of the house as if she had only then awaked from a stupor. "She is in a fair way to be crazy," said the young man.

"Ah!" rejoined I, much interested, "what has happened to her?" "Oh! I can scarcely tell you the whole," said he; "she is one of those confounded Irish—they all come to ruin." "I hope the girl is virtuous," said I. "Oh! virtuous enough, I warrant ye," cried he, with a vulgar addition, and a horse-laugh; "otherwise she would not be sewing fifteen hours a day on hat-linings. But then her father is sick in bed, her mother is just dead, the only brother she has is in jail for stealing a piece of domestic cotton, and there are three little sisters that have to be supported by this one. I happen to know all this; for her brother used to drive an omnibus in which I came down town every morning."

In reflecting on this case, as I walked to my lodgings, I was oppressed with a recollection of the vulgar saying, that "one half the world does not know how the other half lives." How would it shock, even the most heartless, to have gathered before him, at a single glance, all the cases of this particular kind of misery, existing at this very moment in New York, or in Philadelphia. Alas! the stranger and foreigner finds many of his golden dreams untrue; and dies a thousand deaths, in

beholding the less rugged members of his family perish before him. Beauty, health, and innocence are too often the sacrifice, when a piercing and unexpected season of cold and poverty come suddenly on a young creature in a strange country.

No man will have the hardihood to deny that we suffer serious inconveniences from the unlimited importation of foreigners. But every humane man will remember, that the day was when all the settlers of this country were emigrants; that his own ancestors came from abroad; that not all are ignorant, vicious, or uncivilized; and that even where vice has been the source of misery, such misery is not to be abandoned to despair and ruin.

It is the fashion to say much against the Irish as improvident, intemperate, and riotous; and no one can deny that some such charge is no more than fair against a large number; but it is a momentous question in morals, how far we are exempted from the duty of relieving the widow, the fatherless, the sick, or the aged, of any nation, because some, or even most, of the same lineage are vicious people. Some of the best blood in America is from Ireland. Some of the best citizens are the sons of Irishmen. Before we condemn, or spurn from our doors, the poor son of Erin, we are to remember that he flies to us from untold wrongs, and that he has heard of ours as the land of the oppressed. We need not go so far in our proscription as to denounce every creature that has

the brogue upon his tongue. I well remember having once stopped for a moment in Pine street, to look at a boy who had been thrown from a horse. Several men were around a pump at which they were washing the mire and blood from his face. "Who frightened the horse?" somebody inquired. "Oh," cried a bystander, "nobody can tell; but it was some —— Irishman, I'll bet." This was carrying out the native American policy, with a vengeance. The beauty of the thing was, that not ten rods off, in a door-way, stood the Rev. Mr. P., a genuine Irishman, with whom I was going to breakfast. He heard the critical portion of the speech, and sadly smiled. By-the-by, it would require the laborious charities of several common Americans towards the Irish, to repay the beneficence of this good clergyman among the sick poor of our own country. In conclusion, let me say, that I am neither an Irishman, nor the son of an Irishman.

XXIII.

ADVANTAGES OF AMERICAN WORKING-MEN.

"How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find."

The Traveller.

It is not uncommon to hear mechanics and other working-men repining at their lot in life, especially as compared with that of such as are engaged in the learned professions. In hours of despondency, those are imagined to be happy who are freed from the necessity of manual labour, whether as men of wealth or of letters. Contentment is the best policy. All is not gold that glitters. Inaction is not ease. Money will not purchase happiness. Lords and ladies are often very wretched people; and the instances are numerous in which even kings have thought men of humble stations the happiest.

M. d'Alembert relates that Frederick, king of Prussia, once said to him, as they were walking together in the gardens of Sans Souci, "Do you see that old woman, a poor weeder, asleep on that sunny bank? She is probably happier than either

of us." So also Henry IV. exclaims, in Shakspeare,

> "Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose
> To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
> And in the calmest and most stillest night,
> With all appliances and aids to boot,
> Deny it to a king?"

which may remind us of the saying of a greater and wiser king than either: "The sleep of a labouring-man is sweet, whether he eat little or much; but the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep."* And before I dismiss my royal witnesses, let me cite King James the First, of England, who used to say, that the happiest lot in life was that which set a man below the office of a justice of the peace, and above that of a petty constable.†

The truth is, labour is not an evil. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," sounds like a curse, but has been made a blessing by our benign Creator. Health, strength, and cheerfulness are promoted by the proper use of our bodily powers. Among the Jews, labour was accounted so honourable and so necessary, that every man used to be bred to some trade; that so he might have a resource in case of misfortune. The same sentiment has prevailed in other eastern nations. One of the Hebrew Rabbies has the surname of

* Eccles. v. 12.
† Life of Philip Henry, p. 25.

the Shoemaker, and another of the Baker. Sir Paul Ricaut somewhere mentions, that the Grand Seignior, to whom he was ambassador, had been taught to make wooden spoons. There cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that mental exertion is less wearing than the labour of the hands. Head work is the hardest work in the world. The artisan feels this if at any time he has to spend a whole day in calculation. All men of learning testify to the same truth, and their meager frames and sallow complexions tell a plainer tale than their words. Sir Edward Coke, the great English lawyer, speaks thus concerning his great work: "Whilst we were in hand with these four parts of the Institutes, we often having occasion to go into the country, did in some sort envy the state of the honest ploughman and other mechanics. For one, when he was at his work, would merrily sing, and the ploughman whistle some self-pleasing tune, and yet their work both proceeded and succeeded; but he that takes upon him to write, doth captivate all the faculties and powers, both of his mind and body, and must be only attentive to that which he collecteth, without any expression of joy or cheerfulness while he is at his work."

But if it is true of working-men everywhere that as such their lot is not to be deplored, it is eminently true of working-men in America, as compared with those of other countries. It is important that information on this subject should

be diffused among the industrious classes, in order to show them how unreasonable are their murmurs. Take the case of the common labourer; he is better clothed, better lodged, and better fed, in America, than in any country on earth. Two-thirds of the French people, says M. Dupin, are at this day wholly deprived of the nourishment of animal food, and they live on chestnuts, Indian corn, or potatoes. In parts of Normandy, the lace-makers take refuge in the cow-houses, where the breath of the cattle diffuses some warmth: here they do the whole of their work during the cold season. Even in England, many of the hand-loom workers receive but seven shillings a week, and live in damp hovels, almost without furniture. I need not say how different is the case of the poorest labourer among ourselves; while the condition of the thriving mechanic is, in comparison, almost princely. Mr. Grund, an intelligent foreigner, says, on this point, "On entering the house of a respectable mechanic in any of the large cities of the United States, one cannot but be astonished at the apparent neatness and comfort of the apartments, the large airy parlours, the nice carpets and mahogany furniture, and the tolerably good library, showing the inmates' acquaintance with the standard works of English literature. The labouring classes in America are really less removed from the wealthy merchants and professional men than they are in any part of Europe."

The American mechanic has the prospect of

wealth spread before him; and as he advances towards it, his leisure increases with his means. He has an opportunity to lay in stores of knowledge. If he has attended somewhat to learning in his younger days, he finds no obstacle now in the way of his advancement either in science or literature. With a moderate income, and a favourable situation, he can give his sons and daughters a far better education than he received himself. And if he is so happy as to be a member of any Christian church, he finds that there is no privilege, trust, or office from which he is excluded by his having been a labouring-man. Thus he mingles with the choicest portions of society; and if he live to old age, enjoys the grateful repose of that season as fully as the proudest descendant from nobles. Is there any country but our own, where all this can be said with truth?

Go into any of the American towns and large villages, and you will find mechanics occupying some of the most elegant mansions; you will see them filling the highest municipal stations. You will recognise them in large proportion among the officers of the militia, in the direction of moneyed corporations, and upon the most improved farms. You will find their names in every ecclesiastical record, and high in the list of benefactors in every charity. Such are the signs which should satisfy every American working-man, that by choosing a laborious calling, he has not excluded himself from comfort, usefulness, or honour.

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XXIV.

THE VILLAGE TALKER.

"Talkers are no good doers."
King Richard III.

AFTER the lapse of twenty odd years, I have full in my mind's eye the person of Sandy Thorp. He was a grown man, while I was still a child, yet a large portion of his life passed within my knowledge; which will be the more credible when I say that the better portion of his days was passed in the street. Not that he did not sometimes, nay, often, drop into the door of a tavern; for he knew everybody; but this was only the brief exception, like the alighting of the swallow. It might be said that Sandy was always on the wing. Not even Socrates was less fond of the country than Sandy Thorp, who, like the same great sage, was almost perpetually engaged in discourse by the wayside. At whatever hour you might choose to go down town, you would be sure to see Sandy, whatever else you might miss. In the early summer morning he would be loitering around the stage-office to get a glimpse of the passengers who had lodged for the night; perhaps to snatch up a grain of news. When the tavern boarders

were picking their teeth on the porch after break-fast, Sandy picked his teeth under the same auspices. The opening of our little post-office usually gathered a group, of whom he was always one. As the sun came out hotter and hotter, he would retreat from the open ways, to some shed or awning, or saunter from shop to shop, always on his feet, and evidently preferring the outside to the inside of the door. At that still hour of the afternoon, when the Spaniard takes his siesta, when ladies are invisible, and when every thing seems to be dead, Sandy was as brisk as the bee that hummed over his head; for wherever a list-ener could be found he was haranguing, with rapid puffs from the short pipe which he employed to keep down his nervous agitation. The night did not close his activity, and I have often heard his voice, long before I could discern his form, among the worthies who make this the favourite season of their promenade.

Perhaps I am drawing a picture which will be recognised in more towns than one. Certain I am there can be no mistake in that in which I write. Though Sandy is long since dead, the race is not extinct. That which characterized him was his ubiquity and his news-mongering. It was his pride to be at the first of every rumour. You could not tell him any thing new, or make him wonder at any thing unheard of: as he would not be instructed, the marvel was how he ever came to the knowledge of his facts. Only two

explanations have ever been attempted; one was that he never so much heard as overheard; though not a willing listener, he was an eavesdropper: and while he hung upon the outskirts of a gathering of men, he would carry away more of the conversation than any one of the company. Another account was that many of the incidents which he related were of his own manufacture.

No occurrence ever mortified him more, than when Gleig, the Scotch stone-cutter, his next door neighbour, absconded during the night, leaving Sandy in the vocative with regard to the rent of a little yard in which he worked at his tomb-stone. He could not pretend that it had been done with his privity, because he had been cozened: he would not confess ignorance, because he would thus lose the chief plume in his cap. For several days he was missing from the village, and always spoke of the event as very mysterious.

It is remarkable that in almost every place, there are some men who seem to have no means of support, and who live along for years together, without suspicion of actual dishonesty, and without falling into the clutches of the law. If Sandy Thorp ever had a trade, nobody could tell what it was. He owned a little shop separate from his house, but no work was ever done in it, and when any one was allowed to peep into it there seemed to be nothing in it but old iron, scattered tools, and refuse furniture and harness. In earlier life Sandy picked up a dollar now and then, by going

to the beach for a wagon load of fish, or by filling an ice-house, or in the spring of the year by bringing in choice forest trees for planting in pleasure-grounds. But his main employment was that of a veterinary surgeon, or, more vulgarly, a horse doctor. Whether this science comes by inspiration, or whether he was a seventh son, I know not, but he took it up, as most do, without any regular diploma. Like all loungers about tavern-doors, he was much engaged in passing judgment on all the horses of the neighbourhood. You might see him, almost daily, feeling the legs, or prying into the mouths of the hacks in the stable-yard: and, let me not fail to say, it is an employment in which he has not left us without successors. I distinctly remember the air with which he would handle a fleam, or perform the operation of mashing upon a choked cow. Such performances are sure to collect a little knot of men, and this was just what Sandy gloried in. Here he could repeat the freshest news, and give his decision upon affairs of state with an air of judicial complacency.

Sandy was little versed in books. He always knew, however, what sign the sun was in, and whether the heavens were favourable for planting, or for killing porkers. He was weather-wise, keeping the breast-bone of a goose, by way of teraphim. No one ever saw him in church, except at funerals, on which occasion he was in some sort a brevet undertaker; he would point

out the way for the bearers, and determined whether the grave was wide enough. At vendues, he was scarcely ever known to bid, but he advised in a knowing way. Of money he had little concern; the instinct of beggars always led them to pass him by. By long continued street-walking, he had reduced his frame to a wiry fibre; and as he was tall, erect, and always thinly clad, his appearance was striking. I ought to add that he was never shabby. His apparel though very old was always in repair, the patches and darns being done with a neatness which made some suspect he had been a tailor. It was observed that when he had worn a hat for several years, and exhausted the powers of brushing and ironing, he used to put crape upon it: in such cases, it always happened, that he had recently lost a cousin in the "Lake country." As long as he had hair, he powdered it; then he used to powder his bare crown, until this genteel appliance became obsolete. There was always, on the cuff of his left sleeve, a row of pins, inserted with geometrical parallelism. When he talked, he was in the habit of whittling a stick, so that his track was often marked by little piles of shavings. His likeness was never taken, nor could it have been; for when he was not talking, he did not look like himself.

XXV.

PLEASURES OF THE TABLE.

"Alas! how simple, to these cates compared,
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve."

MILTON.

It is the grand endeavour of all philosophy and all religion to elevate the immortal part of man; to subdue and regulate that which he has in common with the brute, and thus to refine and expand his nature. But there is a latent sensuality in our race which is perpetually thwarting this pious effort; and as there are no men without appetites, and few men without lusts, he who flatters that within us which is animal, gains a willing votary, and often beguiles us in spite of our reason. The fine arts, occupying a field intermediate between the region of sense and that of intellect, have on this very account been often prostituted. Painting, sculpture, and especially music, have pandered to the unworthy principle, and poetry and other kindred parts of literature have been made to do homage to sense. All this shows a sad inversion of human nature. It is not that we have senses, that we have appetites, that we have desires, that we have passions, but it is

that we serve them, that we are betrayed by them, that they become our idols. Eden, the dwelling of pure heaven-like creatures, was a garden of sense; its fruits were material, its sights and sounds addressed bodily organs; its paths were trodden by creatures of flesh and blood. Let us not curse the harmless matter, or the indifferent sense; but let us fear their abuse, in the present decrepit condition of humanity.

Drunkenness has had its poetry. Nay, start not—some of the most stirring effusions of the age have been written by men whose "fine frenzy" was a sort of Dutch courage: Byron declared the true Hyppocrene to be gin and water. The festivities of the table have been accompanied with music and song, in all ages. Now I plead for the festivities, in every virtuous sense, and I plead for the song; but in the name of injured human nature I cry out against the intoxication. Look back to early ages, and you see Bacchus presiding over the poets. Anacreon was the darling glee-maker for the old wine-bibbers. Horace was little behind him among the Romans. In our day half the ballads remaining in our own language turn upon drinking and drunkenness; and many a noble traditionary air is linked to the devil's own litany, as in *Cauld Kale in Aberdeen:*

"For I maun hae my cogie, sirs,
I canna want my cogie;
I wadna gie my three-girr'd cog
For a' the queans in Bogie."

In adapting new words to the Scots' old melodies, it was scarcely to be expected that Robert Burns would so far preach above his practice as to sing of cold water; and some of Tom Moore's most brilliant melodies have almost the scent of champagne. All seem to have thought with the Roman, that a water-drinker could not be a poet.

In other branches of elegant letters, men who should have felt the high calling to be the ministers of moderation and virtue, have in certain instances, even when they have not inculcated indulgence, spread the sensual table with such seductive sweets and garlands, as to wake the tendencies which they should have lulled. It would be hard to throw a glory around the extreme of inebriety: the incongruity of Christopher Sly in the bed of silk would startle one into ridicule. The poet's wreath cannot be conveniently placed on him who is dead drunk. But to this last depth men are conducted through divers descents and landing-places; and of those some which are near the surface, fall within the circle of flowers and breezes, the poet's-land. Thus the wine-cup and the lyre have lain side by side for ages; but an evil demon has maintained the connexion; and I would to God that at once and forever American youth might dissever in their thoughts all that is ingenuous and joyful from the paroxysms of vinous inspiration.

Drinking, as a mere bodily act, is not more dignified than eating: yet we have no eating-

songs. Though great events, such as a successful election, are solemnized by a dinner or a supper, yet some veil is thrown over the deglutition. We drink sentiments; we never eat them. In advertisements precedent, and narratives subsequent, the orators and singers at these banquets are never presented to the reader's imagination as pouring out eloquence or song through the interstices of venison or oysters, but over bumpers of costly wine. Yet both go to the same place; and the whole artifice is one of the tricks we put upon ourselves. Conscious that our souls are affronted by this prominency given to animal indulgence, we use all the poor means in our power to array these gross delights in the vesture of tasteful spirituality. Disguise the matter as we may, ornament as we may the table or the cup, it is of the earth, earthy. The soul spurns it. We do but fill and feed that which is presently to be a corpse and putrefaction. Do I cry out against this? Not by any means; but I speak, for the soul, against the homage we are so busily paying to the body. God has graciously made our meat and our drink delightful; but it is we, who, like the Egyptians with their goat and their onion, have made them gods. We must fight against this usurpation. We must from our infancy keep under the body. He who would be a man, must treat his lower nature as a gigantic slave, who is always watching his chance to rise and be uppermost.

There are some who pride themselves upon withholding from their lips every thing which can intoxicate, while they indulge in all other pleasures of the table *ad libitum*. This is a great mockery. The soul may be crushed with a load, as well as drowned with a flood. We have the statistics of the disease and death caused by drinking, but who will furnish that caused by eating? So far as the overt act is concerned, the latter is certainly the more brutal. As a conclusion to my outcry against animalism, I will state a case, which may serve to show that there is a nearer analogy than is usually suspected between the two sorts of excess; and which may further afford an exercise for the pens of certain modern authors who are fond of describing with Apician gusto the progress of a feast. True, the sketch I shall offer relates to the Esquimaux; but still it will, for that very reason, best serve my purpose of exhibiting, without a mask, the devotee of sense; and I would not quote it, if it were less disgusting. "We found," says Capt. Lyon, in the account of his northern adventures, "that the party which had been adrift had killed two large walruses, which they had carried home during the early part of the night. No one therefore came to the ships, all remaining in the huts to gormandize. We found the men lying under their deer-skins, and clouds of steam rising from their naked bodies. From Kooilittuk I learned a new Esquimaux luxury; *he had eaten until he was drunk*, and every mo-

ment fell asleep with a flushed and burning face, and his mouth open. By his side sat Arnalooa, who was attending her cooking-pot, and at short intervals awakened her spouse, in order to cram as much as was possible of a large piece of half-boiled flesh into his mouth, with the assistance of her forefinger, and having filled it quite full, cut off the morsel close to his lips. This he slowly chewed, and as soon as a small vacancy became perceptible, this was filled by a lump of raw blubber. During this operation the happy man moved no part of him but his jaws, not even opening his eyes; but his extreme satisfaction was occasionally shown by a most expressive grunt, whenever he enjoyed sufficient room for the passage of sound. The drippings of the savoury repast had so plentifully covered his face and neck, that I had no hesitation in determining that a man may look more like a beast by over-eating than by drinking to excess."*

* Capt. Lyon's Private Journal, p. 182.

XXVI.

DRINKING AND DRUNKENNESS.

"O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil." *Othello.*

If an insane parent should be brought to the diabolical resolution of burning a child to death, it would not be necessary that he should violently thrust the infant into the flames. Only remove from the little creature all dread of the fire, give him free access within the fender to the blazing billets, and no long time would elapse before the ruin would be consummated. And precisely so, in regard to death and destruction by strong drink. The parent need not drench his son with a mortal dose of alcohol; nay, he need not force him to be even once drunk. All that is necessary is that he should bring him up to absolute carelessness as to the danger of strong drink, allow him license in tasting it, and set him the example of indulgence. Alas! for one that is literally burned alive, there are a hundred destroyed by the liquid fire.

I should not deem myself pardonable, if I were to omit this topic in addressing young men, especially those of the industrious class; and although some of the crusades in favour of the virtue of

temperance have been conducted with fanatical heats, and a contempt for all evidence and every rule of reasoning, I cannot think that any friend of his race is thereby excused from the duty of employing every means to secure our rising population from so intense a curse as that of drunkenness. And when I speak of drunkenness, my metaphysics will not help me to take a distinction between getting drunk on gin and getting drunk on cider. In the present state of the vintner's business, the difference between a brandy-sot and a wine-sot, is just this; the one drinks brandy and water; the other drinks brandy and wine. It is *drunkenness*, and its provocatives, against which I would raise the alarm. The direct and undeniable arguments against this vice are so numerous and overwhelming, that I feel no necessity for rushing into the ludicrous paradoxes, exaggerated statistics, and profane wresting of holy writ, which have become a part of the regular agitation in this matter. Therefore I have never sought to prove that the wine of the Scriptures was not inebriating, or that alcohol, in its smallest portion, is concrete iniquity. But with the incontrovertible reasons occurring in every day's walk, I would urge on my young countrymen to abhor the cup of temptation. The sight of one slavering drunkard is enough; it contains an encyclopedia of arguments against any indulgence in strong liquors. I am amazed that, as one man, our youth do not arise in their strength, and swear to exter-

minate this dragon. I am amazed that a single young man, so long as there remains a drunkard in the land, should hesitate to save himself from the reach of the monster's fang. And most of all am I amazed that there should be a single being, not confessedly a coward and hypocrite, who can be deterred by the sneers of corrupt comrades from adopting a line of conduct which his reason and his conscience imperatively prescribe.

If we can raise up a generation of sturdy fellows who have never tasted the evil spirit, we shall insure to the country, at a later day, a tribe of hale aged men, every one of whom may say with old Adam—

> "Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
> For in my youth I never did apply
> Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
> Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
> The means of weakness and debility;
> Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
> Frosty but kindly."*

And our descendants will look back on the annals of intoxication with as much incredulity or detestation, as that with which we ourselves contemplate the gladiatorial shows, or the orgies of the cannibal.

The attraction which has brought me to this subject is certainly not its novelty, but its importance; and I must even run the risk of repeating

* As You Like It.

things which have been uttered at a hundred Temperance meetings; these pages may, however, be read by some who do not frequent such assemblies. To the young man whose eye is upon this page, I would therefore say, do for yourself what the Spartans used to do for their children; summon before you some beastly impersonation of the vice, in order that it may forever seize your imagination and your heart. Call before your mind's eye a group of the worst drunkards within your knowledge. Fancy the whole dozen to be before you—as, for instance, on the bench or settee of some gin or beer shop. Behold the maudlin tears, the drivel, the lack-lustre eye, the hiccough, the belch, the vomit, (shame on vice which makes indecency indispensable to truth,) the stagger, the stammer, the idiotism! Behold decrepitude in youth, and contempt in hoary hairs! Add to the scene the wives they have murdered, and the sons who have died of drink before their eyes—and then—while your "gorge rises" at the spectacle,—fix in your soul this one truth—*There is not one of these demoniacs who was not once as pure and as fearless as yourself.*

There is something so nauseous in the extreme symptoms of this disease, that it might be proper to cast a veil over them, if it were not that Providence has made them odious in order to alarm our fears. We ought therefore to take a fair look upon the stagnant pool of abominations in which those wallow who tamper with this indulgence. In the

approach, Intemperance shows a gay and pleasing face: her complexion is ruddy, her wreathed smiles are soft and melting; she sings and dances, as she offers "the sweet poison of misused wine." She leads the social levy, and steals the mask of friendship, of liberality, and of patriotism. She proffers her assistance at every festival. It is this aspect of the Circe which allures and misleads. It is only after the seduction has been completed—after the curtain has been dropped—in the recesses of her private chamber, that the horrid truth is displayed. There it is the victim finds that her eye is a red fountain of rheums, her breath putrescence, her visage livid and bloated, her tongue ribald, and her frame a mass of ulcerous corruption.

Faugh! "Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination!" You may well exclaim thus; but the more you are disgusted, the more just is your impression; and the vile emblem is faint when placed by the viler reality. Seeing then that the cup of wine leads to such issues, and that the merely temporal results of drinking are thus loathsome, let me beg you to abjure all those sportive and therefore palliative expressions which are often employed to describe a condition which is in wretchedness and degradation below nothing on this side of hell. We have many merry tropes by which to point out that a man has made himself a fool or a maniac. The Arabs are said to have near a hundred names for a lion. We have almost as many for a man in

liquor. But in proportion as we laugh, we fail to abhor. The boy who jeers a street-drunkard, has his natural horror merged in a mere sense of the ludicrous. Let this be examined, and it will, if I err not, lead to a principle which has been too much neglected. *Abandon at once and for life the use as a beverage, either habitually or occasionally, of every liquid which can intoxicate.* With a soul filled with detestation of this chief of the Furies, free yourself from her solicitations.

XXVII.

THE WORKING-MAN'S HEALTH.

> "Know, then, whatever cheerful and serene
> Supports the mind, supports the body too.
> Our greatest good, and what we least can spare,
> Is Hope: the last of all our evils, Fear."
>
> ARMSTRONG.

In a late visit I had the pleasure of meeting my two good friends, uncle Benjamin and the schoolmaster, quietly seated under the shade of a spreading buttonwood tree. Upon my making some little complaints about my ill health, uncle Benjamin interrupted me with "Pshaw! man! beware of becoming a grumbler. I have known a man whose everlasting reply was *Not well*, while he ate well, slept well, and looked as if he could have knocked down a beef."

"Some men," said the schoolmaster, quoting Cowper,—

> "Some men employ their health, an ugly trick,
> In making known how oft they have been sick,
> And give us, in recitals of disease,
> A doctor's trouble, but without the fees;
> Relate how many weeks they kept their bed,
> How an emetic or cathartic sped;
> Nothing is slightly touch'd, much less forgot,
> Nose, ears, and eyes seem present on the spot."

"Just so," rejoined uncle Benjamin: "ailing folks should live in hospitals; at any rate they should remember that other people are not so deeply interested in their disorders. In a long life I have always observed, that there is no greater difference between an ill-bred and a well-bred man, than that the latter keeps his little troubles to himself. It is a shame for active mechanics to become complainers; even if they are amiss, brooding only makes matters worse. What says the proverb? the three best doctors are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman. What says the Bible? *A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.*"*

"That reminds me," said Appletree, "of what is said of the famous Dr. Nichols, that whatever a man's distemper might be, he would not attend him, as a physician, if his mind was not at ease; for he believed that no medicines would have any influence. And I dare say you have read the twenty-fifth number of the Spectator, where Addison says, 'the fear of death often proves mortal,' and that many more thousands are killed in a flight than in a battle, and that it is impossible that we should take delight in any thing that we are every moment afraid of losing."

"There is too much talk," said uncle Benjamin, "about health as a separate concern. If men are temperate, regular, active, cheerful, and cleanly, they will generally be well. If not, let them bewail their mishaps, not before their friends, but

* Prov. xvii. 22.

their doctor. But what with bran-bread and vegetable diet, and what with lectures and tracts upon health, hundreds are put in the way of becoming symptom-hunters, then hypochondriacs, and then real invalids. None but a fool will go to fingering the nice works of a watch; yet any one feels free to tinker with his constitution. First whims, then experiments, ruin the strength."

"Even learned men," said the schoolmaster, "have fallen victims to this folly. Dr. Stark, an eminent physician of the last century, experimented on diet until his life ended in February, 1770. On the 24th of the preceding June he began with bread and water. On the 26th of July he changed this for bread, water, and sugar. Then came bread, water, and olive oil. On the 8th of September he was so weak that he almost fainted in walking across the room. The last mess but one was a diet of bread or flour with honey, and an infusion of tea or of rosemary. He died on the 23d of February. Bathing, which is one of the best things in the world, may be carried to excess. Men of one idea are fond of recommending their own notions to every one: but Dr. Currie closes the account of one of his experiments in cold bathing with the remark, that the chief thing he learned from it was, that it was not rashly to be repeated."

"Right, right," exclaimed uncle Benjamin; "'God never made his work for man to mend.' The really robust and long-lived men in all nations

have always been those who have had no whimsies. They have been temperate, and cleanly, and good-natured, and brisk, but they have kept no lenten days, nor proscribed any of the ordinary articles of diet. Good roast beef, with tea, coffee, and garden stuffs, has not shortened their days.* And I believe after all it is quantity rather than quality which hurts us. Let a man be forever asking himself, Will this hurt? or, Will that hurt? and he will soon arrive at the point at which every thing will hurt."

"Exactly so," said the schoolmaster. "When Dr. Johnson's friend Taylor happened to say that he was afraid of emetics, for fear of breaking some small vessels, 'Poh!' said Johnson, 'if you have so many things that will break, you had better break your neck at once, and there's an end on't. You will break no small vessels!' And then, says Boswell, he puffed and blowed with high derision."

The real diseases of working-men deserve to be considered with all possible aid from science. Let their causes and frequency be noted and re-

* "Mr. Wesley," says Dr. Southey, "believed that the use of tea made his hand shake so before he was twenty years old, that he could hardly write. He published an essay against tea-drinking, and left off during twelve years: then, 'at the close of a consumption,' by Dr. Fothergill's directions, he used it again, and probably learned how much he had been mistaken in attributing ill effects to so refreshing and innocent a beverage."

ported. Where prevention is possible, let them be prevented; where cure is possible, let them be cured; but let them not weigh like a nightmare on those who are well. The statistics of disease in England go to show that "one hundred of the efficient male population of the country are not liable to more than twenty-five severe attacks of disease in the year. Each man is liable to a protracted disease, disabling him from work, every four years: this forms one great section of the sickness of the country, but it does not include accidents from fighting and drunkenness, or the many ailments which make men apply for medical advice while they carry on their occupation, comprising, perhaps, as many more cases of a slighter character, which raise to fifty per cent. the proportion of the population attacked annually."*

Some of our working-men of the active trades lose their health by over-eating and over-working: of course I leave out the drinking men, who can seldom have sound insides. Extreme exertion wears out multitudes in all trades where great bodily power is required. The coal-heavers of London, healthy as they look, are but a short-lived people. The heavy loads which they carry and the liquor which they drink carry them off rapidly. Before the introduction of the power-press, a large proportion of the pressmen who

* Statistical Account of the British Empire; Article by Dr. Farr.

were accustomed to print large newspapers, by hand, were affected with a particular disease, which is the result of an unequal action on the muscles. In the sedentary trades, the danger is from constrained position, bad air, want of exercise, and want of water. An hour every day in the garden or wood-yard, and a daily sponging of the whole body, together with temperance, cheerful evening visits, and good music, would put blood into the veins of many a limber tailor and swarthy shoemaker.

XXVIII.

BATHS, AND CLEANLINESS.

> "'Tis this adorns the rich;
> The want of this is poverty's worst wo;
> With this external virtue, age maintains
> A decent grace; without it, youth and charms
> Are loathsome." ARMSTRONG

There is nothing in which the domestic economy of the moderns, more differs from that of the ancients, than in the article of Baths. The allusions of the Bible to this practice are familiar to us all. The Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans agreed in making it a part of their daily routine. The public baths of the Romans were magnificent structures. Those of Caracalla were adorned with two hundred pillars, and furnished with sixteen hundred seats of marble; on which three thousand persons could be accommodated at once. Those of Dioclesian were still more sumptuous. Alexander Severus, to gratify the passion for bathing, ordered the warm baths to be opened by break of day, and also supplied the lamps with oil. Thus the bath became a universal luxury, until there were some so devoted to the enjoyment as to use it four, five, and even eight times a day.

In modern Europe, though bathing is not so highly prized as it was among the ancients, it is regarded as far more necessary to health and comfort than among ourselves. Indeed the neglect of thorough ablution is not unlikely to become a national reproach. A British traveller says, and not without some appearance of truth, that "the practice of travellers' washing at the door or in the porticoes, or at the wells of taverns and hotels, once a day, is most prejudicial to health; the ablution of the body, which ought never to be neglected, *at least twice a day*, in a hot climate, being altogether inconsistent with it. In fact," he adds, "I have found it more difficult, in travelling in the United States, to procure a liberal supply of water at all times of the day and night in my bedchamber than to obtain any other necessary. A supply for washing the hands and face once a day seems all that is thought requisite."* Though the traveller's censure applies with its full force to some parts of his own country, we may take a useful hint, and amend our ways.

The two great considerations which recommend the bath are its influence, first, on cleanliness, and, next, on health; and the latter is in a great degree dependent on the former. "Cleanliness," as John Wesley is reported to have said, "is the next thing to godliness;" and such is the connexion between outward and inward purity, that, in all

* Stuart's Three Years in America, vol. ii. p. 440.

religions, the one has been the symbol of the other. Of course, those who work hard and perspire copiously, have more need of care in this particular than others. To the artisan, therefore, the bath is a double advantage, a double luxury. All trades, however, are not alike. There are some in which the operative cannot pretend to be clean, while he is actually employed; to attempt it would be affectation; but there is the more reason why he should enjoy the feeling of perfect cleanliness when work is over. The watchmaker or the trimmer may be almost as neat as a lady; but there are none who are entirely exempt from the need of water. Some there are who are scarcely aware of the extent to which their skin has become clogged by the successive perspirations and depositions of years. They might form some idea of the fact if they should scrape the surface with a dull knife, by which the accumulated outer skin would come off in a scurf of branny powder. It is too common with certain persons, to wash only for the public, and to cleanse only what is visible.

If we were brought up in proper notions on this subject, and knew when we were comfortable, we should feel as much necessity for water to our bodies as to our faces; and a bathing-house, or at least a bathing-tub, would be as indispensable as a wash-basin. An eminent German physician, Hufeland, tells us, that "every Sunday evening people formerly went in procession through the

streets, beating on basins, to remind the labourers of bathing; and the tradesman, who laboured at dirty work, washed off, in the bath, that dirt, which now adheres to him during a long life." Only he who has made the experiment can know how delicious is the feeling produced by a thorough warm ablution, after a day of heat and exertion. "To wash one's self," says one of our own eminent medical authorities, "ought to have a much more extended meaning than people generally attach to the words. It should not consist merely in washing the hands, and rubbing a wet towel over the face, and sometimes the neck; the ablution ought to extend over the entire surface, and it is particularly necessary where often least thought of, as at the bends of the limbs, &c. In a tepid bath, with the aid of a little soap and a sponge, or brush, the process may be completely performed—with a feeling of comfort at the moment, and of much pleasure afterwards."*

If bathing affords so much comfort, it conduces not less to health. No man can be in health whose skin is out of order. This is beginning to be acknowledged by all who think and write upon the human system. It is the skin which is the seat of perspiration, of which about thirty-three ounces pass through every twenty-four hours; even when there is no visible moisture

* Dr. John Bell, on Baths and Mineral Waters; a learned and judicious work, to which I am indebted for most that is valuable in this essay.

on the surface. The skin is the regulator of animal heat; it is a great absorbent, and takes in again much of the corrupt matter left in contact with it by want of cleanliness. It is in close connexion with almost every important function of the system. A glance at these facts will show that it requires daily attention. But some will be surprised to learn further, that this wonderful covering has other no less important offices. It not only lets out liquid, but it takes in airs, as well as watery vapour: so that it may almost be said to play the part of the lungs, by secreting and absorbing the same gases. In some animals, indeed, as in the leech, all the breathing is done by the skin, and you may kill a frog as effectually by varnishing him all over, as by tearing out his lungs. The filthy covering of an unwashed person is not unlike such a varnish, and he who never bathes labours under a sort of half-suffocation. The outer scurf which we may scrape away is a deposition from the true or inner skin. A good washing and rubbing softens this outer skin, and makes it easy to rub off the dead parts with a brush or hard towel. In this respect, all baths, of whatever temperature, are useful. The surface is cleansed and freed from obstructions, and a way is cleared for the passage of the proper fluids and gases. On a subject so important, I trust these little details will not be thought either dry or unnecessary.

The cold bath is the most natural, and the most

easily taken, but it is not always proper or safe. There are some I know who recommend it indiscriminately to all persons, at all seasons; but such is not the counsel of wise physicians. "In proportion," says Dr. Combe, "as cold bathing is influential in the restoration of health when judiciously used, it is hurtful when resorted to without discrimination." "Many persons," says Dr. Bell, "in even vigorous health, cannot tolerate the cold bath for the shortest period, still less can they habitually use it with benefit. Even they who have accustomed themselves to it are in danger from the practice, if it be continued after any sudden diminution of vital energy, by whatever cause produced." The same learned author rejects the vulgar notion that cold bathing is either a tonic or a stimulant, and teaches us, that what some are pleased to consider a *reaction* after the application of cold, is no such thing, and that the skin is not actually warmer at this time than before. He therefore comes to the same conclusion with the great ancient Galen, that the cold bath is proper for persons in perfect health, and for fleshy ones, for the temperate and those who use due exercise; that the proper season for it is summer, and that one must be gradually accustomed to it. But neither he nor the most timid adviser would debar the manly swimmer from plunging into the stream, or still better from indulging in that exquisite refreshment, the dash of the surf upon the sea-shore.

Both the eminent physicians whom I have quoted recommend for habitual use the tepid or warm bath. A temperature ranging from 85° to 98° is named by Dr. Combe. The best rule is to avoid the positive impressions, either of heat or cold. The effect is at once tranquillizing and invigorating, in a high degree. Nothing can savour more of ignorance, or be less agreeable to experience, than the notion of some, that the warm bath is enfeebling. From the earliest ages it has been the restorative of the exhausted traveller, and the writer of these lines can never forget its magical effect after a wearisome journey of some hundreds of miles. Darwin reminds us, that the words *relaxing* and *bracing*, which are generally used in relation to warm and cold baths, are mechanical terms, properly applied to drums or strings; but are only metaphors, when applied to this subject. After a long day's work the warm bath is a thousand-fold better than strong liquors. Bruce, in his travels in Abyssinia, tells us, that when he felt an intolerable inward heat, and was so exhausted as to be ready to faint, he was made as fresh and strong by a warm bath, as on his rising in the morning. "Some persons may tell me," says he, "that the heat of the bath must weaken and enervate, but I can assure them that the reverse is the case." Our celebrated countryman, Count Rumford, once repaired to Harrowgate, in a feeble state of health. Such was his fear of taking cold from the warm bath, that he used it only once in

three days, for less than fifteen minutes, and always went from it to a warm bed. Finding this unprofitable, he reversed his method, and bathed every day, at two o'clock, for half an hour, at 96° and 97° of Fahrenheit, for thirty-five days together. "The salutary effects of this experiment," he adds, "were perfectly evident to all those who were present, and saw the progress of it; and the advantages I received from it have been permanent. The good state of health which I have since enjoyed, I attribute to it entirely." The same philosopher exposes the mistake of those who avoid the warm bath for fear of catching cold; as, indeed, one has no more occasion to dread catching cold after having been in a warm bath, than from going out of doors into the air of a frosty morning. "There are few," says Dr. Combe, "who do not derive evident advantage from the regular use of the tepid bath, and still fewer who are hurt by it."

It is one of the great advantages of a residence in the city of Philadelphia, that there is not only an abundant supply of water, but that all the better class of houses are provided with bathing-rooms, in which either cold or warm baths may be taken. And even those who are without these conveniences, may have easy access to public baths. Or, in the worst imaginable case, a tub of warm water, a piece of soap, a sponge, and a hard towel may be found in the house of any man who wishes to cleanse his person.

XXIX.

INTEMPERANCE AND DISEASE.

"Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-governed and wise appetite."

MILTON.

In looking over a book upon the effects of different trades upon health and long life,* I was struck with the repeated statement that such and such occupations would be less unhealthy, if it were not for the liquor drunk by the workmen. This, thought I, is very unfair: why blame the trade, when the fault all lies in the drink? We may lay it down as a principle, that of honest employments, there is not one in fifty which is hurtful to the health of a temperate and prudent man; but if men will still be mad enough to guzzle beer or whisky, they may destroy them-

* The Effects of the Principal Arts, Trades, and Professions, and of civic states and habits of living, on Health and Longevity: &c. &c. by C. Turner Thackrah. Philadelphia, 1831.

selves amidst the most wholesome circumstances in the world.

The book I spoke of, though small in size, contains much information on this important subject. Let me advert to some instances of the kind mentioned above. Of coachmen and other drivers, Mr. Thackrah says that their exposure to the weather is thought to produce rheumatism and inflammation of the lungs. "I conceive, however," he adds, "that these diseases would rarely occur to abstemious men. It is intemperance which gives the susceptibility to such maladies; and it is intemperance which produces much greater." And here he speaks of morning-sickness; disease of the stomach and head; apoplexy and palsy. In regard to another trade, he says: "Though temperate millwrights are healthy, and continue their employ to a great age, often even to that of sixty, there is another class, who fit up the shafts and wheels, to convey the power from the steam-engine to the machinery, and who suffer from their debauched habit of life. These men earn high wages; take much of that pernicious compound called ale, and sometimes even drams in addition, and are moreover off work at the pot-house two or three days in the week. Such men, of course, are unhealthy and short-lived." These remarks may be applied to many classes of operatives in America, who receive high wages, and are not required to keep hours. For there is nothing more conducive to health and good habits

than for a man to have such employment and such pay as shall make it necessary for him to be moderately engaged every day.

A master pocketbook-maker informed our author that several of his people had died from consumption. "This, however," says he, "I should attribute not to the employ, but to intemperance." When blacksmiths are ill, "the cause is most frequently intemperance." Of hatters, he tells us, "they are often intemperate and short-lived." And of brewers, who are commonly regarded as patterns of portly strength, Mr. Thackrah observes: "As a body, they are far from healthy. Under a robust and often florid appearance, they conceal chronic disorders of the abdomen, particularly a congested (overfull) state of the venous system. When these men are accidentally hurt or wounded, they are more liable than other individuals to severe and dangerous effects. The ill-health of brewers is, however, evidently attributable to their habitual and unnecessary potation of beer."

After such statements as these, we need not be surprised when this judicious medical man comes to the conclusion, that intemperance is the grand bane of civilized life. These observations were made nearly twenty years ago in the populous town of Leeds, and are therefore introduced here in preference to still stronger statements more near to us in time and place; as it is common to suspect the latter as coloured by zeal for a popular

enterprise. In regard to mere health, then, it appears, that intoxicating drinks are unnecessary and noxious. To him who uses them, no circumstances can ensure health: to him who abstains, even great exposure is usually harmless. The first rule of health to be inculcated on our children, apprentices, and families, is to live without drink.

Here is work for masters and employers. Surely they have an accountability in this matter to God and to man. The apprentice and even the journeyman are, and ever ought to be under some control; and the more fully the master sustains to them the part of a father, the greater will this control be. It will be an evil day for our land when either party shall feel that this bond is loosed. Let the household links be broken, and the political chain will have no binding force. If we wish such a reformation as shall make and keep our rising race virtuous and happy, we must begin at home, and masters must take some steps which are now unpopular. The vices of journeymen fall, with part of their burden, on master-workmen. As Mr. Thackrah very justly says, the latter may do much to lessen this great evil of intemperance. Does any one ask what can the master do? I reply, he can bring up his boys in good principles. He can press upon them the precepts of the Bible. He can correct their youthful errors. He can set them an example of rigid temperance. He can see that they spend

their evenings and their Sundays at home, in reading, or in some useful amusements. He can open facilities for them to enjoy the advantages of night-schools, libraries, Sunday-schools, Bible-classes, and lyceums. Is it asked what can he do for journeymen? I reply, some of these same things; for a man's being a journeyman does not put him beyond the reach of good advice or good example. But, over and above this, I adopt our author's language: "Let the master discharge from his employ every man who 'breaks work;' nay, let him admonish, and afterwards discharge every man who spends his evenings at the ale-house, or calls at the dram-shop. This is, in fact, the great point: for the evil is curable at the beginning." I anticipate what will be said about the difference between the state of things here and in the old country; about the independence of operatives, and the scarcity of skilled labour. Nevertheless every employer, who has patronage, is responsible to society and to God for the manner in which he employs it. He may not lord it over his men, but he has a right to know how and where they spend their evenings; for the plain reason that his own interests are involved in it. The inquiry is not always agreeable; nay, it will often give great offence; but what then? Is the truly benevolent man to do nothing which is disagreeable? Of a truth, we are not so delicate in the collection of a debt, or the prosecution of a claim. These lions are chiefly in the way of our

benevolent efforts. Until the law of the land shall render us more effectual aid, by erecting dykes against this flood of evil, every good man will do what he can to keep it out of his own doors.

The place where health, fortune, character, and happiness are lost, is the tavern. In their origin, public houses were places for the entertainment of the weary traveller; no object could be more benevolent. But they have become, by the change of times, chiefly remarkable as dens of drunkenness. Take away the bar, and in most cases you take away the publican's livelihood. But even now, if taverns were frequented chiefly by wayfaring-men, it were well. But, far from this, they are sources of temptation and ruin to the neighbourhood. Where must you go to find the blackleg, the drunkard, and the bully? To the tavern. Where is the young man who is never in his own shop, and whose shabby coat and anxious eye betoken debt and danger? In the tavern. Where were the journeymen and apprentices last night, who are this morning haggard and sallow, yawning and hiccuping over their work? At the tavern. I must in justice say, that I know innkeepers who are temperate, orderly men, and good citizens, and who deplore this state of things; and I know houses to which these remarks do not apply; but in the greater number of cases, the bar-room is the way to destruction; and to say that a man is often seen hanging about the tavern porch, under whatever pretence of business, is to

say that his work is neglected, his habits declining, and his company detestable.

In these and similar observations, I purposely avoid all mention of Temperance societies and their pledges, not because I am indifferent to the success of their endeavours, but because I wish to reach even those who do not admit the principle of these associations in its full extent. The sentiments which are here expressed, have been entertained by thoughtful men for scores of years; nor do I see how they can be rejected by any one who loves his country. Some of the happiest changes I have ever known have been wrought in men who have escaped the snare of strong drink. Such a one is PHELPS the coach-painter. Time was when he thought his paint would kill him outright, but for his brandy; and he could not conceive how he could be merry with a couple of friends, except over a bottle. He sang a good song, and, being a musician, used to be the life of the tavern suppers. Some of his bacchanal staves may still be heard at midnight by those who pass by the Bull's Head. Phelps had been well schooled, and sometimes wrote verses. But his eyes became weak, and his nose red, and the palette began to shake on his thumb. This did not arouse him, until his only son Ned was brought home drunk. He had fondly imagined that the boy had never seen him drink: it is the folly of many a parent, who rears a household of drunkards. That night Phelps broke every bottle

in his cellar. Last week I dined with him, and he sang me the following verses of his own making, over a goblet of excellent lemonade.

When the glass sparkles, and the group
  Of wassail gathers there;
Though friends invite, though spirits droop,
  'Tis Wisdom cries, BEWARE!

Be it the juice of tortured grain
  Which foaming tankards bear,
Or distillation of sweet-cane,
  'Tis perilous—BEWARE!

Or should ripe clusters pour a flood
  Whose varying hues compare
With gems, or Tyrian dye, or blood,
  'Tis wine that mocks—BEWARE!

But doubly fly that fiery stream,
  Forced by perverted care,
Through tortuous pipe, in pungent steam;
  Those drops are death—BEWARE!

Howe'er the Tempter drug his bowl,
  Or mix his potions fair,
Why shouldst thou jeopard thus thy soul?
  Madness is near—BEWARE!

XXX.

MONEY.

> "Yet to be just to these poor men of pelf,
> Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:
> Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
> The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides."
>
> POPE.

THE good and the evil of money are the subject of our daily conversation, and neither can well be represented as greater than it is. The same book of wisdom which declares to us that "money answereth all things," warns us that the love of it is a "root of all evil." We love what costs us pains; our own work, or the fruit of it; our own little garden rather than our neighbour's hot-house. It is, therefore, constantly observed that it is hard to wring money out of the hands of one who has earned it by little and little. Look at the farmer; even if he owns thousands of acres, he is sometimes startled at a call for the disbursement of twenty dollars: while the merchant, who gains and loses by fifties and hundreds, will transfer ten thousand dollars' worth of stock in five minutes. Women, who seldom—dear creatures—have the handling of large sums, are more frugal in the disposition of their means, than their more hard-

hearted husbands. Hence the great moralist avers that mendicants seldom beg of women. However this may be, it is undeniable that where money is hardly got, it is sure to be prized sufficiently. Let a man work hard for his dollar and he will be in danger of setting too high a value upon it; and thus, by imperceptible degrees, frugality grows into avarice and thrift into meanness.

It is not the mere coin, the material gold, silver, copper, and alloy that we love; at least in the outset. The miser, who is a possessed man, may transfer his regards to the sign from the thing signified, and gloat over dollars and doubloons; but what the most love is what the money will bring. To use a large word, it is the *potentiality* of happiness. We turn every thing into money. We measure every thing by money. It is money which marks the injury done by a slander or a blow. As we measure the force of an engine by horse-power, so we measure an honourable office by dollars. Men value their lives at certain sums, and persons could be found who would be bribed to run the risk of being bit by a mad dog. In consequence of this universal applicability of money as the measure of value, it comes to stand for the things which it measures. We look with complacency on the key which unlocks our treasures; and gaze on a dirty bank-note, which is only a rag.

In Pitcairn's island, at the latest accounts, there was no money, nor any need of it. But does it

follow that there can be no avarice there? I think not. The passion may look beyond the medium to the end in view, but it is still the same. The dislike to part with our cash, when reduced to its principles, is a mode of selfishness. It is only one aspect of our love of the things which money will buy. If any man would guaranty to us all these things for life, we would freely give him the money. Hence the moral evils of avarice. But for this the love of gold would be as innocent as the love of roses and lilies.

But even on the selfish principle, I have sometimes thought that a more refined and profound view of the matter would loosen our hold on the purse. By pinching hard we hurt nobody but ourselves. Every one sees that if a man spends none of his money, he is wretched; hence the name *miser*, which is only the Latin for a wretch. But many make it the business of their lives to come as near this as they can. They sail as near the wind as is possible. Sound economy will teach a man that a liberal outlay of money is in some cases no more a loss, than a liberal sowing of wheat. STOLIDO has adopted the saving maxim never to cut the packthread of a parcel, but always to untie it: he therefore fumbles at a hard knot for ten minutes, in which he could have earned the worth of ten such packthreads. BASSO grudges sixpence for a dose of physic, and in the end loses six weeks. We all agree that *time is money*. Why so? Because time will procure

us money, or, what is the same, money's worth. But we are not so ready to admit, though it is equally true, that health is money—that temperance is money—that good habits are money—that character is money. Nay, I go further than this: if we must value every thing by this mercenary standard, then I say, *ease is money*, because it is worth money, and we labour all our life to earn it. Comfort is money, and happiness is money.

These remarks are certainly not intended to foster the disposition to estimate every thing by pounds, shillings, and pence. God forbid! Our money-making nation needs no spur in their race: we are already pointed at by the finger of nations. But as the world's ready reckoners insist on gauging human bliss by this rule, I wish to show that on their own principles a man may be too saving. Even the rule of the usurer in the old play,* which was short enough to be engraven on his ring, and which is engraven on many a heart, *Tu tibi cura*, "Take care of number one," is often violated by unwise parsimony. We may be sparing to our damage. There are better things than money. O that I could ring it through every shop, factory, and counting-house of my country! There is good which gold cannot buy, and which to barter for gold were ruin. It cannot buy the kindly affections of the fireside. It cannot buy

* The "Groat's Worth of Wit," by Robert Green.

the blessings of friendship. It cannot buy the serene comforts of virtue, the quiet of conscience, the joys of religion. This lesson should be inculcated on the young. It is idle to fear that such a lesson will make them careless or profuse. It is a lesson opposed, not to frugality, but to parsimony. Those who learn it will not hoard, but neither will they squander. They will look on money, not as an ultimate good, but as the representative of purchasable advantages; and they will count it as nothing when put in the opposite scale to moral and eternal things, which are above all price.

XXXI.

RISKS AND SPECULATIONS.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."
Hamlet.

Of all the ways of making money, that which belongs to a man's proper trade or business is the safest, easiest, and most honest. He who would, even in a worldly sense, prosper, must let many gay chances of wealth flit before him, without drawing him from his daily work. This, however, is very much against the spirit of the age. To become rich by sudden leaps is more attractive than to plod on for years with scarcely perceptible gains. Yet the truly solid men are those who have pursued the latter course. It is not too much to say, that at the time of this present writing, there are a thousand mechanics, manufacturers, and small tradesmen, who are trying to become rich by what they call speculation. Some, in a low sphere, deal in horses. Though this is not their trade, they are perpetually driving some bargain, or making some match, or showing off the paces of some famous roadster. It becomes

a passion, business is neglected; and, so far as my observation goes, horse-dealers do not always maintain the purest character for straightforward conduct. Some are, or were, very full of buying and selling lots about our growing towns and cities. Others are all for granite-quarries. While many behold visions of untold wealth in the silk business, and forsake their own calling, to plant acres of the Chinese mulberry. One in fifty of these draws a prize; the rest, after some months of suspense, sit down with blanks, and find their proper business near to ruin.

These hopes commonly lead to expensive habits, unknown to the artisans of former days. Hence, my friend Mrs. BATES used often to remind her son Arthur of his father's frugality. "Dear mother," cried Arthur, on one of these occasions, with a face of great vexation, "pray, pray, don't quote my good father any more. The next thing will be to rig me out in his white neckcloth and small-clothes."

"Arthur," said the old lady, with tears in her eyes, "the image which has been before my mind for forty years, will sometimes be in your way; but bear with me, and I will not say any more about your father."

"Say what you please," said the relenting son.

"All I have to say is this: you know that your father was a thriving mechanic—he had no ambition to be more—he became wealthy, as you might now have been, but for the rash adventure

of your two uncles, in 1815, which swept away our property. When your father began life, however, as you are now doing, he was frugal and domestic; he stuck to his trade; and after his great reverse, he returned to the habits of his youth. His maxim was, Waste nothing—risk nothing—borrow nothing."

"Exactly, and had he lived to this day, he would have felt, as I feel, the change of times, and would think as little of owing five hundred dollars, as he did of borrowing a pinch of snuff."

"Arthur," said the good old woman, smiling with the consciousness of experience, "the maxims of economy do not change with the fashions. They go by the nature of things."

"Surely, madam, money is not now what money was before the Revolution!"

"Perhaps not, in a certain sense; but, as the shopkeepers say, *money is money*. Bread, and clothes, and fuel, are not got for nothing. You talk of credit: credit implies borrowing; and borrowing implies paying. Creditors are made of no milder stuff than when I was a girl; and, for all that I can see, a cistern that is always running and never receiving is as like to run dry as any cistern of the olden time. To be plain—what was the occasion of your haste in visiting New York, yesterday?"

"Then, to answer plainly, in my turn,—though I am sure you are going to misunderstand it,—it

was to see several of my friends in William street."

"Ah! and why so anxious to see them at this, the busiest season of your trade?"

"You press me—but I will be frank—it was to get a lift in the pecuniary way—common thing—to meet an arrangement—a mere trifle—a name or two was all I wanted—a-hem—a little matter in——"

"In bank, you would say, my son. Speak it out. I understand you. Now consider; what change has come over the plain old-fashioned business of coach-making, that you should need to be a borrower? Let an old woman tell your fortune—your intimacy with banks will end in your being a bankrupt."

With a blush and a sneer, Arthur went to his drying-room, then to his trimming-room, then to his counting-room, and then to the open air; but nowhere could he fix his attention. He had become a borrower. He kept his horses and his dogs, and gave dinners, and went to the springs. To meet this expense, he had several little speculations, added to his regular trade. Instead of straitening his expenses to suit his means, he plunged into new indulgences; and to meet their cost, he drew upon future and unreal gains. In America, perhaps, more than elsewhere, it is very common to find mechanics, and even professional and salaried men, falling into embarrassments, to which formerly only mercantile adventurers were

thought liable. How can a young man sit down at his desk, or examine his books, when every paper and almost every knock remind him that he is in debt? Arthur Bates was oftener in the street than in his shop; and every part of his proper business became distasteful to him. He was often seen in the humbling situation of a vexatious supplicant at the doors of men who were far below him in every scale but that of dollars and cents. He who becomes a borrower cannot foretell at what point of the descent he will stop. From a custom it grows into a habit. The first plunge is the most revolting; after that, the smooth lapse becomes smoother with each successive yielding.

Borrowing became so easy with Arthur, that he began to scribble on his waste papers the goodly proverbs, "Nothing venture, nothing lose," and "In for a penny, in for a pound." To one so diseased, no stimulant can be worse than a morning paper: it offers schemes of wealth on every page. These have a great charm for the man who feels that nothing but a grand "operation" can get him out of the slough, and who, at the same time, reads of thousands realized on lots at Brooklyn, Brighton, and Chicago, or by sales of granite or mulberries. True, these things have had their day; but so will other things. In process of time, Arthur Bates removed from a thriving country town to the great metropolis. No one who knows the world will be surprised at

the change. It is not long since I could have named a round dozen of young men, attorneys, mechanics, and even doctors, who had closed their shops and offices, and gone into speculation. Arthur had entered the Alsatia of borrowing. After many fruitless attempts, he despaired of making his simple mother comprehend how a man may live and do well, without any regular business; or how these rapid turns of the wheel differed from gambling. He descanted to her upon the credit system, the rise of property, the diversities of script, and the fortunes made by happy investments. He unrolled before her without effect, lithographic maps of unbuilt cities in the West, or of Venices to be conjured up in the North River; he turned her into stone, with calculations about the sugar beet and the morus multicaulis. Poor Mrs. Bates was too old to mend, and read out of her old book, that *the borrower is servant to the lender.** In these debates Arthur was aided by a new friend of his, Peleg Peck, Esq. Mr. Peck was a son of the house of Peck, Pigeon, and Fitch, in Pearl street. After the usual time spent in billiards and dramatic criticism, and after being bowed out of his father's counting-house by the elder partner, Mr. George W. Pigeon of Providence, he opened a livery stable at Brooklyn. Thence, by some unexplained change, he became booking-clerk in a stage-office in Market street, Philadelphia, and his

* Prov. xxii. 7.

last ostensible calling was that of clerk in a Mississippi steamboat. But he had seen wonders in the great West, and had come back to engage other adventurers. It was after a dialogue between Mr. Peck and Arthur, that the latter hastily entered his mother's parlour. "Why so flurried, my son?" said Mrs. Bates, as her son threw himself into an elbow chair. "Dearest mother! nothing uncommon, I assure you. But one who belongs to the world cannot but partake of its great concussions. The motions of the great sea reach even our little creeks."

"Pray, come down from your stilts, Arthur: you used wiser as well as plainer talk when you were a well-doing carriage-maker. Surely *your* connexions with the moneyed world are slight."

"Ah! there it is, again. Your notions are out of date. Indeed, mother, I do not know that you have got the least insight into the great modern system of debt and credit."

"Be it so, my dear. Take a glass of water, and give me such lessons as suit my simplicity. But observe, before you begin, that I am not in my dotage yet, and that I have long observed that there is no subject on which men can talk longer without ideas, than on this same matter of credit, stocks, banks, and speculation. But perhaps you can trade in the same way without capital."

"No jests, I entreat.—In sober earnestness—there is a great pressure—a panic, you may say—Wall street like the mouth of a bee-hive in June

—Three houses shut up this morning in Pearl street—and I have every reason to believe that the fall of cotton has ruined Cromwell and Zebulons of Mobile, which will drag down Grubbs, Ishmael, and Grubbs."

"Hold! hold! my son, what has come over you! Panic—Wall street—Ishmael! And what concern can you have with these affairs? You are not a bank-director, a broker, or a Jew."

"True, my dear mother—true—but let me explain. The modern system is so bound—that is, such is the concatenation—just to think, that bills on London are no longer—in a word, money is so scarce.—But your old notions are so queer, that I shall seem ridiculous."

"Indeed you do," said Mrs. Bates, drawing herself up with some sternness. "Indeed you do. This rigmarole is a mere screen for ignorance—yes, pardon a mother's plainness—for your ignorance of this complicated system of licensed gambling. Like too many, you have neglected your proper business; you have tried to retrieve matters, by unwarrantable means; and now, in your embarrassments, you are trying to lay all the blame on public measures, banks, and brokers. A plain mechanical business, as thrifty as yours was, needs no such connexions. What did your poor father know of banks? Yet he was worth his forty thousand dollars, just before his two younger brothers decoyed him into a share in their liabilities. Arthur, I see your des-

perate game. I have seen it long. You have failed to grow rich by slow earnings. You have borrowed to support your needless expenses. You have filled one vessel from another, neither of them being your own. You are now staking all your credit on these paltry speculations. You have become a mere borrower; a borrower of what you can never pay."

I am not writing a biography, and therefore it will be enough to say, that Arthur Bates has for two years been clerk in the counting-room of the establishment owned by his father; a poor but honest man, and deeply penitent for his follies.

XXXII.

THE WORKING-MAN IN WANT.

"He that is down needs fear no fall."—Bunyan.

There is not, perhaps, a country in the world where the extremes of human condition are less frequent than in our own: we are unacquainted alike with princely wealth and abject wretchedness. Yet even here it is not always sunshine, even with the honest, temperate, and industrious. As a general rule, indeed, any man of ordinary health, strength, and capacity, can make his living, if he chooses: but there are exceptions to the rule. It would be as absurd as it is inhuman to consider all poverty as the result of vice. The contrary is manifest every day. All men are fallible in judgment, and may fall into wrong projects. The best plans may fail from uncontrollable circumstances. The incapacity of a partner or an agent, or the fraud of a neighbour, or some sudden change in the price of an article, in the demand for a particular fabric, or even in the most trifling fashion, is often sufficient to bring to penury such as have never laid up any thing. But the case is so plain in the eyes of all observing

and benevolent men, that I shall not dwell on this point, but confine myself to a few suggestions for those who, by whatever path, have got to the bottom of the hill.

My friend, let me take you by the hand: I like the pressure of a poor man's hand, and I am not one of those Pharisaical helpers who can see nothing to pity where there is any thing to blame. It is enough for me that you are in straits: I ask not how you came there. But, let me whisper—it might be well if you would ask it yourself. Perhaps you have been lavish, when you had abundance. Perhaps you have been idle, or improvident; or your children have been too fine, or your wife has haunted auctions. Or, peradventure, you have been too fond of a horse or a gun; or the coin has found its way from your till into the barroom or the eating-house; or you have been a customer of the brewer, or the tobacconist. No matter—whatever the wrong step may have been, the course of wisdom is for you to learn by experience. Dread the fire which has scorched you; perhaps it is the best and the cheapest lesson you ever had. Now, when you are cool and collected, in the shades of the valley, take a survey of the path which you ought to have trodden, and make up your mind to choose and to pursue it.

Be sure not to listen to the voice of pride. This is what barbs the arrow of poverty. True, if you are in absolute want, and near starvation, there will be wo enough even without pride. But

in the great majority of reverses, the feeling of mortification is the worst part. If you have enough to support nature, and are doing all that is in your power, banish the consideration of other people's thoughts, which cannot make your case either better or worse. With a good conscience, you may safely leave your case to the care of Providence.

You are, it is true, at the foot of the ladder; but what then? The way up is just the same as before. Never despond; this is the grand rule, and I repeat it, never despond. The most successful men have had their reverses. "Try again," is a good motto, and your condition must be bad indeed, if this does not set you right. At any rate, brooding over losses cannot repair them. Your melancholy feelings can do you no good, and will do you much harm. Despondency strikes a palsy into your arm, and cuts off all the chances of your recovery. It is, perhaps, as great an evil in poverty as in sickness. After all, it is not a leading trait in the American character; we are a sanguine people, and, like boats which easily right themselves, our merchants and mechanics rise out of troubles with an alacrity which is surprising. Encourage this hopeful temper, but let it be natural. As you value your happiness shun all artificial comforters. The man who, in embarrassment, resorts to the bottle, or the tavern, may be said to be half lost. However bad your condition may be, it is not so wretched as this will

make you. If intoxicating liquors are always dangerous, they are a thousand-fold so to the man who is in straits.

You are embarrassed, but not undone. Now let me warn you against suddenly abandoning your present business. In nine cases out of ten, those who leave the trade to which they have been bred, find the change disastrous. You cannot be as much at home in any other employment, and your having failed in one effort is no sign that you will fail in the next. On the same principle I would say, beware of suddenly changing your place of residence. This almost always involves loss of time, loss of money, and loss of credit. Whatever may have brought you down, resolve to retrieve your former standing in the very place where you have lost it. That which needs alteration is not your circumstances, but yourself. Unless you can change this by a removal, you had better remain. There is, of course, an exception in those cases where a man's business is overstocked, where there is no demand for his labour, or where there exist other insuperable obstacles to his progress.

Supposing you, then, to have come to the wise resolve to build on the old foundation, let me give you another hint: Do not relax your exertions for a moment. It is strange, but common, to see men making poverty an excuse for idleness. Their business has failed, and accordingly they walk about the streets for a month with their hands in

their pockets. When the waterman finds that his boat has been carried by the tide far below the landing-place, he does not relax his rowing, and yield himself to the adverse waves, but braces every muscle, and pulls hard against the stream. Redouble your exertions, and you may soon be extricated. Particularly when one is in debt, this is the best encouragement which he can give his creditors to allow him every favour. And if it has been your misfortune to be involved in debt, let me beseech you to avoid plunging any deeper into this slough. Necessity has no law, but so long as you can procure an honest mouthful of food, avoid this embarrassment.

There are occasions on which, if ever, men are open to temptation. When want pinches, when wife and family cry for food, those whose honour has never wavered will sometimes think of dishonest resources. Stifle the viper in your bosom!

Last of all, I say, do not repine. Discontent will only imbitter the distress which it cannot relieve; and it is as wrong as it is useless and injurious. Be humble, patient, and resigned to the arrangements of Providence, and you will not fail to see better days.

XXXIII.

THE VILLAGE REVISITED.

"I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw.
And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Home to return—and die at home at last."

GOLDSMITH.

AFTER an absence of many years I lately revisited the village of Ashford. This is a small inland place, in the midst of farmers, and undistinguished by manufactures or extensive trade. Its inhabitants are chiefly mechanics and store-keepers.—On my entrance, I perceived that the place had undergone fewer changes than is common in America. There was the same long, straggling street, widening at one place into a green or common, upon which stood an unsightly market-place, of that red brick which so disfigures and degrades the architectural prospects of our country. There were the same inns, and before one of them the same creaking sign of an Indian Queen, at which I used to throw stones when I was a boy. The

principal tavern had been enlarged, and I was told that the present incumbent was the last of six who had practised at that bar within twenty years. Besides those who had been burned out, one had been hanged, and one had become a reformed character. I was sorry to see that the other tavern-keeper was a person who had in former days been a promising saddler.

My attention was drawn forcibly to the places of the old mechanics. I looked for old JAMES SORREL, the chair-maker; there was no trace of him or his. None of his sons were bred to his trade, and those who survive are in the West. I also looked for MARK BELVILLE, the hatter—the only one of his trade in those days. He ran away from his creditors fifteen years ago. The reason I found it easy to guess: his shop was always a rendezvous for the idlers of the whole street. The little English tailor, who was next in the row, had become too old to work; I was told he had become rich and miserly; he had no children, and, as I remember, could not read. ROBERTS, the shoemaker, was still visible, a gray-haired old man, pacing about the street with an unsteady step, his hands behind him. After many years' hard work, he has retired to live with a married niece; his sons are in Ohio, except one who keeps up the trade in a neighbouring town. The old man has one serious calamity: he has no solace for his old age, either of mind or heart. In his young days he had but one rule, *Be honest*

and industrious. How many think this all-sufficient! He observed it; he worked early and late, till his back was bowed down, and his eyesight gone. He succeeded—that is, he accumulated wealth. In order to do this, he saved both time and money. He had no books but an almanac, and always voted at town-meeting for the lowest possible sum to common schools. His charity began at home; and he took care to let it end there; and resolving to be just before he should be generous, he was all his life practising this first lesson. Now, in his old age, he is wealthy, but wretched. The domestic charm which keeps some families together, was unknown to him, and he is a solitary widower; though, if you number his children, the family is large. I have written down in my pocket-book, that it will not do for a man to make a god of his trade; and that, in spite of Ben Franklin, there are other goods in life than popularity and thrift. The very next house is occupied by two young brokers, partners, who are playing the very same game. A new run of loungers appeared in the streets, but in no respect inferior to those who had been before them, having the same airs, and very much the same haunts. It is a class which propagates itself with remarkable ease, and there are few country towns in which there may not be found abundant specimens. The spots once occupied by the shops of two bakers, I was pleased to see covered with beautiful pleasure-grounds, and embellished with

two mansions a good deal superior to any thing in Ashford. I knew their occupants well. They were dutiful boys, and public-spirited men. The time and money, which at intervals they bestowed upon objects of common interest, have been amply made up to them by increase of credit and respectability. Benevolence is good policy. By doing good they are more known, and more revered. The chief difficulty is for them to decline offices of trust; and they are already concerned in the administration and settlement of more estates than any of their fellow-townsmen.—Though not related, they have always been good friends; and I am told they are about to join in erecting, chiefly at their own expense, a Lyceum, or building for public lectures and philosophical experiments. They furnish a happy example of that healthful popularity which may be attained without an undue meddling with party politics.

By this I am reminded of OLIVER CRABBE, the tallow-chandler. One would have supposed that Oliver's business might have occupied all his hours, but he found time to spend upon the affairs of the public. He was oftener in his front shop than in his dipping-room, because his front shop was a sort of news-room. There, upon bench and counter, at almost any hour, might be seen the sage quidnuncs of the town. It was the village exchange. In spite of odours "not of amber," that door seemed to attract to itself perpetual groups, which might be likened to the clusters at

the aperture of a bee-hive. Here the newspapers were read, and the public business settled. As you might expect, Oliver was chief speaker; he loved to hear himself talk, which I have observed to be the grand inducement to mingle in politics. There was no meeting of the party to which he belonged, at which he did not find it easy to attend, whatever might be the state of his business. At town meetings, his voice was lifted up, and when he passed between the tellers, he was usually followed by a retinue of humble political admirers. I am not sure that he did not sometimes dream of higher honours, for I have heard him rallied about a sheet of paper, on which he had practised, in a fine flourishing hand, the mysterious words, *Pub. Doc. Free* OLIVER CRABBE. Oliver has been in the poor-house for five years.

The grave-yard of the little village gave evident tokens that almost a generation had passed away. In walking among the green mounds, and marble memorials, I could not but observe that a large proportion of those who lay there had by no means arrived at extreme age. Another reflection which forced itself on me was, that the epitaphs never told the whole truth. The young man who accompanied me seemed very sensible of this. I would, for instance, read aloud from a headstone the pretty verses commemorative of some spotless youth, and my guide would say, "He died of drink." Of another, equally celebrated over his grave, he would observe: "This man was a

drunkard." Indeed, I shudder to think how many whom I once knew among the working classes of this place, have been brought to their grave, either directly or indirectly, by strong drink. As I sauntered about the streets and neighbouring lanes, I would occasionally stumble on one and another of the few surviving topers, who seem to be left as warnings by Providence, like the blackened pine-trunks after a forest-burning. It is remarkable that when you find an aged drunkard, you commonly find that he did not begin very early, and also that he has murdered several children by his example, and sent them before him into eternity.

But my reflections must draw to a close. Looking at the town as a whole, I see some increase, and some improvement; but, in the midst of this, too great a disposition to be still and do nothing. *It will do for the present*, is a ruinous motto. It has led Dick Harlow to leave an old post-and-rail fence in front of his house and shop, until he has grown to be an old man. It has allowed an old ruinous well-curb to disgrace the garden of Jones, the wheelwright, ever since he was a boy. It has kept half a dozen little door-yards without a single improvement, when they might, every one of them, have been, this fine April morning, full of hyacinths, crocuses, violets, and moss-pinks. And, to speak of more public concerns, this same motto might be inscribed over the shabby town-house,

shadeless streets, and filthy horse-pond, which continue to be nuisances of the village of Ashford.

After all, there are a score or two of honest, healthy, happy artisans, who are thriving in their business, and bringing up their households in virtuous habits. There are two good schools, and a new church; a debating society, and a musical club; a reading-room and a lyceum; and at any moment at which the body of the people shall agree to abandon their sleepy motto, there will be a hundred more good things to recount.

XXXIV.

THE CONTENTED WORKING-MAN.

"I love to hear of those, who, not contending
Nor summon'd to contend for virtue's prize,
Miss not the humbler good at which they aim;
Blest with a kindly faculty to blunt
The edge of adverse circumstance, and turn
Into their contraries the petty plagues
And hinderances with which they stand beset."

WORDSWORTH.

In our earliest story-books, and in the copies set for us by our writing-masters, we all learned the value of contentment. But in real life, it is remarkable how little this excellent means of happiness is cultivated. The other evening, as I sat under my willow with UNCLE BENJAMIN and Mr. APPLETREE, the question arose whether men were made unhappy more by their own fault, or the fault of others. The good schoolmaster gave it as his opinion, that in our country most men might be happy if they would. "I except," said he, "cases of signal calamity; but as Virgil says of the farmers, I say of most of my neighbours, 'O too happy men! if ye only knew your own advantages!'"

Here I ventured to put in my oar, by saying,

what, perhaps, may not be new to the reader, that there are few men who do not wish for something which they have not. "Yes," said uncle Benjamin, "according to the old saying, 'Enough means a little more.' Every man wants to reach a higher peak of the mountain before he sits down, when he might as well sit down where he is." "You remind me of Plutarch, uncle Benjamin," said the schoolmaster. "In his life of Pyrrhus, he relates that this monarch was once talking with Cineas, a favourite orator and counsellor, about the plan of his future conquests. First, he meant to conquer the Romans. Then he would extend his power over all Italy. Then he would pass to Sicily, to Lybia, to Carthage. 'But when we have conquered all,' asked Cineas, 'what are we to do then?' 'Why, then, my friend,' said Pyrrhus, laughing, 'we will take our ease, and drink and be merry.' 'But why,' said Cineas, 'can we not sit down and do that just as well now?' The same may be applied to smaller men than Pyrrhus."

"Ay, ay, you say truly," said the old man, shaking out the ashes, and preparing for a fresh pipe; "you say truly. Few men are wise in time. They chase their game so hotly that when they have run it down they can't enjoy it. There was our neighbour Gripe: Mr. Quill knew him well. He and I began life together. Gripe started in a small way, but by everlasting pains made himself a rich man. He had no children,

and few expenses, yet he always pressed on as if the constable was at his heels. There was no repose—there was no relaxation. Round and round he went, like a horse in a mill. I often urged him to stop. 'You have enough,' I would say, 'begin to enjoy it; why make yourself the prey of these vexing cares?' But no—he could not be content. At length his wife died; he was left alone, rich but friendless. He gave up business, but it was too late. His fireside had no charms, and he fell into a melancholy which was soon followed by a mortal complaint. So he died without having ever known what it was to sit down and enjoy a moment of quiet. The whole of his property was scattered to the winds, by a pair of grand-nephews, his heirs-at-law."

"Nature requires but a little," said Mr. Appletree. "We are the slaves of our artificial wants. I have accustomed myself to say, in looking at many a piece of luxury, 'I can do without it.' Even the ancient heathen had learned as much as this. Their philosophers endeavoured to persuade men to seek happiness by narrowing their desires, rather than by increasing their gratifications. 'He who wants least,' says one of them, 'is most like the gods, who want nothing.'"

"Those old fellows were mighty wise, I dare say," said uncle Benjamin; "but I warrant you they found it hard to practise as they preached. At the same time no one can deny the truth of what they affirmed. And I have often told my

son Sammy, that nothing would be a greater curse to him than to have all his desires gratified; according to the old story of the Three Wishes. On the other hand, if a man would but buckle his desires within the belt of his circumstances, he would be happy in an Irish cabin."

"Do you think, uncle Benjamin, that men usually gain this sort of wisdom in proportion as they rise in the world?" "No, no—far from it. Pampering does not produce patience. He who grows rich is only feeding a fever. Indulgence begets peevishness. Those tailors and shoemakers, along our street, who are just shutting up for the night, are happier than the wealthy sportsmen and idlers over the river; nay, they are happier than they will be themselves, when, like so many American mechanics, they become wealthy, and live in their own great houses. I have often heard Thrale, the rich brewer, say that he did not feel at home in his own parlour, and that he looked back with regret to the days when he had but three rooms in his house."

This led me to relate the story of my cousin Barnaby Cox. He was a book-binder, in a small way, and took a sweet little woman to wife, and lived in the lower part of Second street. He seemed as happy a fellow as worldly things can make any one; he earned his pleasures, and he enjoyed them. He needed no balls, taverns, gaming, or theatre to enliven his evenings. This was while he lived, as you may say, from hand

to mouth. By some turn in the wheel, he became prosperous; he formed new connexions, and got into new lines of business; in short, he became a wealthy man. But riches did not make him a better man. He lives in splendour in Chestnut street; but he has gone down in health and cheerfulness. He is restless, and listless, and seems never to know what to do next. His great house is seldom visited except by a few relations, and if the truth could be told, he sighs for the evenings he used to enjoy when work was done.

"The case is not rare," said Mr. Appletree; "but I have one to relate, which, I think, you will allow, is really so. It may be taken as a fair offset to Mr. Quill's. In the neighbourhood where I was bred, there is a man whom I shall call ORATOR. He was the son of a wealthy and somewhat proud family, and fell heir to a large and well-kept estate. There was not a nobler farm or mansion in the whole country-side. Being a man of studious habits, and indolent and melancholy, he allowed his affairs to run on rather negligently, and partly from this cause, and partly from the treachery of his principal legal agent, he became what the world calls a ruined man.

"Ruined, however, he was not. After the first shock of misfortune, he seemed to be awakened to new energies. His indolence and his gloom took leave of him. He set about the retrieving of his fortune, with an energy which astonished those who knew him best. True, he is likely to be

a poor man as long as he lives, but he is in a fair way to pay his debts, and he is cheerful and contented. Not long since I called upon him at his humble dwelling, in the midst of a little piece of land which he tills. He was in his working dress, and moist with the labours of the hay-field; but he received me with a radiant smile, and ushering me into his sitting-room, cried out, 'Here, Lucy, is our old friend Appletree; he has not forgotten the champagne and venison of Strawberry hill, nor have we: we cannot treat him to any; but we can teach him, when our children come in, that there is some truth still in the old stories about cottages and contentment.' And the blended blush and tear of his wife, with the whoop and halloo of the boys that just then bounded into the room, told me that, by coming down in the world, they had risen in the scale of true enjoyment."

XXXV.

WHO IS THE WORKING-MAN?

"*Cade.* Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed; away with him: he's a villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say; hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck."

Second Part of King Henry VI.

In using the title working-man, I have merely availed myself of a phrase which is commonly understood. As usually employed, it designates the artisan, the mechanic, the operative, or the labourer; all, in a word, who work with their hands. But I trust no reader of these pages will so far misunderstand me, as to suppose that I mean to deny that there are multitudes of other classes, who work, and work hard, and whose honest industry is as useful to society as that of the smith or the carpenter.

There are many varieties of industry, and the common distinction is a just one between head-work and hand-work. But then the two are so intermingled that it is almost impossible to draw

the line between them. The mathematical instrument maker is as industrious and indispensable a character as the puddler in an iron foundry; but the work of the former is chiefly head-work: and then what a difference between the bodily labour of the two! Yet no reasonable person could exclude the instrument maker from the number of working-men. The nice operations, however, of this workman, as also those of the watchmaker, jeweller, lapidary, and engraver, do not, in a strict sense, deserve the name of labour any more than that of the man who writes his six hours daily in a clerk's office. Yet how many are there who would deny the honours of industry to the jaded clerk, even though his toils are a thousand-fold more wasting and disheartening than those of the mason or wheelwright!

In every great establishment both kinds of service are required, and neither party should look upon the other with jealousy or disdain. There must, for instance, in a great printing establishment, be men to work the presses, and boys to see to the rollers; and there must be the setting up of the type; but, again, there must be correcting of the proofs, which is purely head-work. There must be keeping of accounts, which is of the same nature, and equally indispensable. And, if I may be allowed to say a word in behalf of my own calling, there is the poor author, but for whom the press would stand still; and whose labour is not the least exhausting of the whole.

Yet he is the very one who, according to some of the popular doctrines of the day, should be denied the name and credit of a working-man! In every extensive manufactory, the carter, dray-man, or porter, is not more necessary than the clerk or book-keeper. The conductor of a rail-road train, though he does little or nothing with his hands, is as needful as the brake-man or engineer. The skilful director of a cotton-mill, who contrives and manages, is just as necessary as the operatives. No great building can be erected without previous drawings; the man who plans and executes these, has no more labour than he who keeps the books; and both these are no less working-men than the stone-sawyer in the marble-yard, or the hod-carrier upon the scaffold. The pilot does no hard labour on board ship, yet he is as important a working-man as the hardiest tar. So, likewise, in the manufacture of complicated machines, such as steam-engines, not a blow can be effectually struck until the chief engineer has gone about his head-work, and made his calculations: and the sturdy fellow who toils at the anvil, or the grindstone, should not forget that his employer is tasked as severely and as needfully as himself. There is really such a thing as head-work, and it is hard work. This is proved by the appearance of those who are devoted to it. Clerks, book-keepers, accountants, and all writers, are liable to suffer exceedingly in point of health, from their confined atmosphere and fixed position.

They are often as much distressed by rest as labouring men by motion; the maintenance of one posture injures them in various ways. Their digestive organs soon give way, they grow lean and sallow, and low-spirited, and are ready to envy every wood-sawyer they meet. Surely it is unjust to sneer at such men, as drones in the hive.

The concerns of life cannot be carried on without a mixture of both head-work and hand-work. Strike out either sort from any extensive establishment, and the work must come to an end. A hasty observer, on going into a ship-yard, and seeing the bustle, and hearing the hum of business, would be ready to think that every thing was done by main force, by the saw, hammer, and adze. But on looking a little deeper, he would find that quite as important a part of the work is done out of sight, in the noiseless office, or model-loft. He would see one man writing letters, or copying them in a book, another posting into a leger, a third drawing plans, a fourth making tedious computations, and a fifth overseeing the whole, and acting as head to a hundred pair of hands. How soon would our famous steam-engines, which have attracted admiration even in England, cease to be produced, if it were not for the contriving heads of our Stevenses, Baldwins, Norrises, and Mericks! Can any man deny that James Watt or Sir Richard Arkwright were working as really and as hard for the common good, when they

were studying out their great inventions, as if they had been filing brass, or casting iron, or turning a lathe? And was not Sir Humphry Davy, in his laboratory, when contriving his safety-lamp, as truly working in a useful vocation as the humblest miner with his pick-axe and shovel? But the principle admits of much wider application, to those, namely, who have no immediate connexion with manual labour. I maintain, that every man who honestly supports himself by industrious application to useful business is a working-man. The mere amount of motion or bodily labour does not make so great a difference. If it did, we might find it hard to show that there is not a wider step between the coal-heaver and the tailor, than between the tailor and the accountant. Roger Sherman was first a shoemaker, and then a Congressman: but he worked harder and did more good in the latter than in the former capacity. John Newton was first a sailor and then a preacher; but no one who knows his history will deny that he was vastly more useful to society in his second calling. The salesman and travelling agent are working-men, no less than the manufacturer. The affairs of commerce require clerks, bankers, merchants, calculators, editors of journals. Not less necessary are physicians, teachers, lawyers, clergymen, and judges. No man can be said to lead an easy life who faithfully discharges the duties of any one of these professions; and this would be soon found to be true, by any

doubter who should undertake to assume their place for a single week. If knowledge is power, then those who make great acquirements in science are contributing in the highest degree to the productions of human art. Many a man can do ten times as much in this way as in any other. The late lamented Judge Buel, of Albany, whose death has been announced since this work was going through the press, may be named as an instance in point. Though he well knew what it was to labour with his own hands as a practical farmer, yet no one who has looked at the pages of the "Cultivator," will doubt for an instant that by conducting this work he did more for the agriculture, and consequently for the wealth of his country, than any hundred farmers, as good as he, could have accomplished by following the plough. Let us hear no more of this cant about working men and idle men: all industrious citizens are working-men. There are drones, indeed, but they exist as largely in the ranks of nominal labour as elsewhere.

Nearly allied to this subject, is another to which the most serious and impartial attention is requested. I mean the opposition which some have attempted to set on foot, between the poor and the rich. It is natural for the opposition to exist in some degree; but they are traitors to society who make it their business to foster it. It is natural for the hard working-man, sorely pressed to support his family, to look with envy upon the

glittering equipage or marble house of his wealthy neighbour. But to seek the regulation of this matter by tumult and spoliation would be the extreme of madness. There never has been, and there never will be a country without this same division into rich and poor. Attempts have, indeed, been made for a season, to have every thing in common; somewhat after the visions of Robert Owen; but they have always failed. This was tried two hundred years ago among the romantic settlers of Virginia; but the bubble soon burst, for none were gainers but the drones, and it was soon proclaimed as a law, that "he who will not work shall not eat."

The sure and direct way to competency and even wealth, is the quiet pursuit of a good trade or calling. In no country is this more true than in our own, where there are no legal barriers against the rising of the honest poor; where there are no titles of nobility, no law of primogeniture, no entail of estates. A few glaring exceptions there may be, but, generally speaking, the wealth of this country has been acquired by indefatigable industry: our rich men have been working-men. Or, suppose it to have been their fathers who were the working-men; is my reader the man who would cut off his own sons from all the advantages of what he has earned? It is idle, it is ruinous, in such a country as ours, to set the poor against the rich. For who are the poor? If you mean the drunken, the profligate, the idle;

our gamblers, sharpers, and sturdy beggars; certainly it is not for their behoof that you would make a division of property. Who are the poor? If you mean the hard-working tradesman or operative—he does not need your help, and if he is wise he will not ask it; because he is rapidly passing out of the ranks of the poor into those of the rich. Nor would it be possible to draw a line separating the one class from the other, without placing on each hand those who were rising or falling from either side. Whose interest, then, is it to excite prejudices between rich and poor? Not that of the industrious; not that of the poor man who has sons, who may rise to the utmost elevation known among us; not that of the quiet man who desires security of property for himself and his neighbour; but only of the grasping and designing rogue, who, like a thief at a fire, wishes to profit by the general confusion.

All these suspicions and heart-burnings between one class and another are evil and disastrous. There can no more be an absolute level in society than in the ocean; and there is no great class of men which is not necessary to the good of all the rest. The reader of history will remember the famous story of Menenius Agrippa, a Roman consul and general, as related by Livy. The populace were up in arms against the nobles, and had intrenched themselves on one of the hills of the city. Agrippa appeased them by the following fable: "Once on a time, when each member

of the human body could speak for itself, the members became dissatisfied with the belly; which, said they, does nothing but lie in state, and enjoy the fruit of our labours. They resolved, therefore, upon a strike, and determined to stop the supplies of this luxurious organ. The hands stopped work, and would bring no food to keep him from starving; the mouth would receive no provision; the feet came to a perfect stand-still; in a word, all business was stagnant. There was great perseverance in this combination, until at length a universal emaciation took place, and it was seen that there was no such thing as living without the kind offices of this indolent and aristocratic consumer of victual."

XXXVI.

HOME PLEASURES.

"I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know."

COWPER.

THE family relation implies community of interest; as there is a common stock, so there are common sorrows and common joys. Put a dozen people together in a house, and let each lead the life of a hermit: this would be no family, even though they might be blood relations. There is more of domestic life even in the steerage of a packet-ship, where like seeks its like, and little congenial groups are formed before the voyage is over. The true glory of home is in the middle region of civilization: it is absent alike from the highest and the lowest. What can be more cheerless than the sullen selfishness of the Indian wigwam; where the relentless savage wraps himself up in indolent dignity, while the squaw and the children are spurned, as unworthy of a look—unless it be the elegant and fashionable household of the prince or noble, where each is independent

of the other, and has his separate equipage and peculiar friends. Compare with this the cottage of the poor labourer, who returns at twilight to be welcomed by every human being, and every domestic animal; who tells over, or hears, all the occurrences of the day, and who feels that there is no interest which he does not share with every one around him.

There is more value than all believe, in the simple maxim, *Let family enjoyments be common to all.* If there are few who deny this, there are still fewer who act upon it in its full extent. Something of it, as I have said, there must be, to make a family at all. We occupy the same house, sit around the same fire, and eat at the same table. It would seem churlish, and almost inhuman, to do otherwise. But I am for carrying the matter much farther, and for knitting more closely together those who cluster around the same hearth; believing that every influence is evil which severs father from child, and brother from brother. The morsel that is eaten alone becomes sooner or later a bitter morsel.

Members of the same household should feel that they are dependent on one another, and should be as free to ask, as ready to give, assistance. Each should rise in the morning with the impression, that no duty of the day is more urgent than to make every individual happy, with whom he is brought into contact. And this contact should be sought, not shunned. It is a bad sign, when

members of the same household are shy of one another. I do not, of course, allude here to those horrid instances of unnatural, brutal temper, where persons of the same blood, daily gathered around the same board, refuse to speak to one another: malice and envy must rankle deeply where this can be the case. I refer to a more common fault, which sometimes exists where there is a degree of real affection, but where the members of a family have separate pursuits and separate pleasures. The hasty morning meal is swallowed with little intercourse. When it is done, each hurries to his or her peculiar line of employment. The mother is busy in the kitchen, the father in the shop, the sons go their several ways. This might do well enough, if it were confined to business, but it becomes the habit of the hours of leisure. The father has his evenings abroad; the sons are seldom within doors till a late hour, and too often, she who most needs the cheering influences of the family circle, the mother, is left to patch or darn by a dim candle, with the cradle moving at her feet, during those hours in which her daughters are laughing or singing among their young company. All this is highly undesirable. The evenings of the industrious family may be, and ought to be, delightful seasons of joint satisfactions. If we must have evening parties of friends, let there be a proper mingling of sexes and ages. The presence of the old may to a degree moderate the mirth of the

young, but in the same proportion the aged will be enlivened. This parcelling and assorting of society, like labelled packages in a shop, is becoming too common, and in my judgment injurious. The young folks must be all together; and the children must be all together; and if matters go on thus, we may live to see parties of graybeards and parties of sucklings. No! wherever it is possible, let the family chain be kept bright and whole. In the houses of the industrious, it is surely broken often enough by separation at work during the day.

Instead of thus living apart, which engenders selfishness and moroseness, I love to see the members of families flowing together, like congenial drops. There are some houses in which no one makes a confidant of another: if one would learn the secret of his brother, he must go abroad for it. This is unnatural, and wholly evil; incompatible with the frankness of simple love. Show me the father often walking with his sons, and these sons often with one another, not in business merely, but in sports; and I shall think I see a virtuous and happy household.

There is one particular in which the principle I have laid down may have a very important application. I mean the case of mental improvement. The rule should here be, so far as possible, let the pursuit of knowledge in every family be a joint pursuit. For many reasons this is desirable in every house, but it is almost indispen-

sable in the house of the working-man. It wakes up the spirit of improvement; it saves time and expense, and it gives tenfold zest to the refreshments of leisure. To take one of the simplest instances, I would, in two words, say to every working-man, *Read aloud.* If the book is borrowed, this is often the only way in which every one can get his share. If the family is very busy, —and the female members of all industrious families are as much so in the evening as in the day— the reading of one will be as good as the reading of all, and while one reads, a dozen may knit or sew. There are many persons who enjoy much more and retain much better what is read to them than what they read themselves: to the reader himself, there is a great difference in favour of reading aloud, as it regards the impression on his own mind. The members of the circle may take turns, and thus each will have a chance of learning, what so few really attain, the art of correct and agreeable reading. Occasion is thus offered for questions, remarks, and general discourse; and it is almost impossible for conversation to flag, where this practice is pursued. With this method, the younger members of a family may be saved in a good degree from the perusal of frivolous and hurtful books; and, if a little foresight be used, a regular course of solid or elegant instruction might thus be constantly going forward, even in the humblest family.

But the moral and social effects of such a prac-

tice are not less to be regarded. Evenings thus spent will never be forgotten. Their influence will be daily felt in making every member of the circle more necessary to all the rest. There will be an attractive charm in these little fireside associations which will hold the sons and daughters back from much of the wandering which is common. It will be a cheap, wholesome, safe enjoyment, and it will be all this, *at home*.

The gains of an affectionate family ought to be shared and equalized; the remark is true of all degrees and kinds of learning. Study has a tendency to drive men to solitude, and solitude begets selfishness, whim, and moroseness. There are some households in which only one person is learned; this one, however amiable, has, perhaps, never thought of sharing his acquisitions with a brother or a sister. How seldom do men communicate what they have learned to their female relations: or, as a man once said in my hearing, "Who tells news to his wife?" And yet how easy would it be, by dropping a word here, and a word there, for even a philosopher to convey the chief results of his inquiries to those whom he meets at every meal. I have been sometimes surprised to see fathers, who had made great attainments, and who, therefore, knew the value of knowledge, abstaining from all intercourse with their sons, upon the points which were nearest their own hearts. In families where the reverse of this is true, that is, where the pursuits of the

house have been a joint business, it is common to see a succession of persons eminent in the same line. Thus, among linguists, the Buxtorfs; among painters the Vernets and the Peales; among musicians, the Garcias; in literature, the Edgeworths, the Taylors, and the Wirts.

There are some pleasures which, in their very nature, are social; these may be used to give a charm to the working-man's home. This is more true of nothing than of music. Harmony implies a concurrence of parts, and I have seen families so trained, that every individual had his allotted part or instrument. Let the thing, however, be conducted by some rule. If proper pains be taken with children, while they are yet young, they may all be taught to sing. Where circumstances favour it, instrumental music may be added. It is somewhat unfortunate that American women practise almost entirely upon the more expensive instruments; and it is not every man who can or ought to give two hundred and fifty dollars for a piano-forte. In countries where the guitar is a common accompaniment, it is within the reach of the poorest. There may be lovely music, however, without any instrument. The most exquisite music in the world, I mean that of the pope's Sistine Chapel, is known to be such. There is great room for selection, however, both as to music and words. It is the height of folly to buy every new thing which comes from the music-sellers. So far as words are concerned, a

full half of what they publish is nonsense, or worse; and I have blushed to see a young lady turning over what she very properly called her "*loose* music." Those persons, therefore, deserve our thanks, who from time to time are publishing in a cheap form such secular music as is proper for families. I here refer chiefly to such works as Kingsley's Social Choir, Mason's Odeon, and the Boston Glee Book.

But, after all, and without any reference to religion, the best music is sacred music. It is on this that the greatest masters have laid out their strength; it is this which most suits the chorus of many voices. Secular pieces, as commonly published, are intended to be sung by few, or by a single voice; but sacred compositions admit of the strength of a whole company. And it is truly delightful to drop into one of those families where the evenings are sometimes spent in this way. There is the eldest daughter at the piano-forte, accompanied by the eldest son upon the violin. Another son and two daughters lead off vocally, with the principal melody, while a neighbouring youth plays the tenor, and sings the same part. The old gentleman in spectacles labours at his violoncello, and two or three flutes come in modestly to complete the orchestra; while nieces, nephews, cousins, friends, and, perhaps, suitors, fill up the sounding chorus with right good will. This is, indeed, something more than a mere family meeting, but it is what grows out of it;

and when the evening ends, and some little refreshments have gone around, the transition is not abrupt from this to the social worship, when all voices join once more in a happy evening hymn.

XXXVII.

THE WORKING-MAN'S EVENINGS AT HOME.

"O, evenings worthy of the gods! exclaimed
The Sabine bard. O evenings, I reply,
More to be prized and coveted than yours,
As more illumined, and with nobler truths,
That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy."
COWPER.

THERE are no portions of the working-man's life in which a more constant series of innocent satisfactions is offered to him, than his evenings. This is true of those at least whose trades do not encroach upon the night. When labour is over, there is an opening for domestic pleasures which no wise man will ever neglect.

My neighbour BOSWELL has a high sense of these enjoyments, and makes the most of them. Except when some public meeting calls him abroad, you are as sure to find him at home in the evening, as at work in the day. Sometimes, indeed, he accompanies his wife or eldest daughter in a visit, but he never appears at clubs or taverns. "I work hard," he is accustomed to say, "for my little comforts, and I like to enjoy them unbroken."

The picture would not be unworthy of the

pencil of a Wilkie: I have it clearly in my mind's eye. The snug and well-closed room is all gay with the blaze of a high wood-fire; which casts upon the smiling circle a ruddy glow. There is Boswell, in his arm-chair, one hand between the leaves of a book which he has just closed, the other among the auburn locks of a little prattling girl. He gazes into the coals with that air of happy revery, which is so sure a token of a mind at rest. The wife, nearer to the light, is plying the ceaseless needle, and distributing kind words, and kinder glances among the little group. Mary, the eldest daughter, is leaning over a sheet of paper, upon which she has just executed a drawing. George, the eldest son, is most laboriously engaged in the construction of a powder-horn. Two little ones are playing the royal game of Goose; while one, the least of all, is asleep before the fire, by the dog and the cat, who never fail to occupy the same spot every evening.

Such humble scenes, I am happy to believe, are still presented to view, in thousands of families among the working classes. Need it be added, that they are immeasurably above the sickly heats of those who make pleasure the great object of their pursuit in life? It is among such influences that religion spreads its balm, and that knowledge sheds its fruits. Rest after toil is always agreeable; but it is doubly so when enjoyed in such circumstances, in the bosom of a loving family, healthful, instructed, and harmonious. Such uni-

formity is never tedious, nor such quiet ever dull. Every such evening may be remembered in after life with pleasing regrets.

My friend tells me, that it is a refreshment to his mind, during the greatest labours or chagrin of the day, to look forward to his tranquil evening. When work is done, he hastens to wash away the traces of his ruder business, and to make himself as smart as is consistent with frugal plainness. "He who hammers all day," he says, "has a right to be clean at night." This is the rule of his house; and when his sons grow large enough to be out at trades, they will, no doubt, come in every evening as trim and as tidy as they went out.

It is no interruption of such a group for a neighbour to drop in. The circle opens, a seat is drawn up, the sleepers are merrily pushed aside from the rug, the conversation grows lively, news circulates, and sparkles in every face. The salver of cakes, or the fruit-basket, or some healthful beverage prepared by "neat-handed" Mary, adds to the substantials of the entertainment. The newspaper, or some pleasant book is read aloud; and when the hour for separation comes, they part with a vastly better state of feeling than that of the greasy creature who has nodded in his moping corner, or the peevish tavern-haunter who comes home late to scold his solitary wife.

It might be interesting to inquire what would be the effect upon the state of society in any village

or town, if every working-man in it could be induced to spend his evenings at home, and in this manner. A reform in this single particular would work wonders. Every one who is admitted to such a scene, feels at once that there is a charm in it. Why, then, are there so many families, where nothing of this kind is known? To give all the reasons might be tedious; but I must mention one or two. First, there must be punctuality, neatness, and thrift in the affairs of housekeeping, to make such a state of things practicable. No man loves to take his seat between two washing-tubs, or beside a fire where lard is simmering, or to stretch his legs over a hearth where almost every spot is occupied by some domestic utensil. Then, there must be a feeling of mutual respect and love, to afford inducement to come together in this way. Further, it is difficult to maintain these happy evening groups without some little sprinkling of knowledge. The house where there are no books is a dull house; the talk is amazingly dull talk. Reading makes pleasant conversation. George always has some good thing to read to Mary; or Mary some useful fact to repeat to George. A little learning in the family is like a little salt in the barrel, it keeps all sound and savoury. And, finally, I feel it incumbent on me to repeat what has been said more than once already, that he who overtasks his days, has no evenings. In our country, thank God, labour need not be immoderate to keep one alive. There

is such a thing as working too much, and thus becoming a mere beast of burden. I could name some men, and more women, who seem to me to be guilty of this error. Consequently, when work is past they are fit for nothing but solid sleep. Such are the men and the women who have no domestic pleasures; no reading, no improvement, no delightful evenings at home.

XXXVIII.

THE WORKING-MAN IN THE COUNTRY.

> "As one who long in populous city pent
> Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
> Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
> Among the pleasant villages and farms
> Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight,
> The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
> Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound——"
>
> MILTON.

EVERY man, until his taste is completely vitiated, and habit, a second nature, has inverted his native propensities, will experience a satisfaction upon going into the country; and there is a particular zest in the little excursions of the town-bred artisan, who leaves the brick, and mortar, and confined air within, to enjoy the gaiety and freshness of rural environs. These visits have pleasant associations. We connect them with fine weather, clean clothes, holidays, and good company; and it is not unlikely that much of the beauty of the country is merely an emanation from our own cheerfulness. Yet after every deduction on this score, we shall all say with the poet,

> "God made the country, but man made the town!"

It is not wonderful, therefore, that many of our working-men, as soon as they are able, take their families into the country, either for the summer, or as a permanent residence. A large proportion of the snug little farms around our great towns, are tilled by mechanics, some of whom have retired from trade, while others still continue in business, and use these as their places of retreat. This tendency to the country seems to be on the increase, and I am persuaded it augurs well for the future respectability of the whole class. There are few mechanics in our land who may not look forward to the possession and occupancy of a few acres; and the expectation is a very cheering one to those who have to ply their sedentary tasks, year after year, in the same unventilated shops or lofts. There is a feeling of independence in surveying one's own grounds, however small in extent; there is a perpetual gratification of natural taste in the sights, sounds, and odōurs of the country; but there are more substantial benefits. No device for the prevention of disease or the restoration of health, is comparable to that of moderate agricultural labour. The fresh air, the exhalation of newly opened furrows, the morning ride, the succession of vegetables and fruits, the continual variety of employments, the intervals of absolute rest, and the placid ease of mind, concur to keep the animal powers in their most healthful play. I scarcely know which season most to covet: spring is balmy and full of

promise; summer affords gorgeous flowers and sunny harvest; autumn comes laden with fruits; and even winter brings days of healthful labour and evenings of cheerfulness and improvement by the ample fire-place.

There is no situation in which children may be brought up in greater security from the temptations of a wicked world. They must, indeed, become somewhat restive; they may, perhaps, be bashful, and will fail of having that precocious assurance, and almost pertness, which one observes in too many city lads. But from how many moral defilements are they protected! Having had some trial of both situations in my earlier days, I do not hesitate a moment to say, that the temptations of boyhood are far less in a farm than in any other condition in life. Then we should take into the reckoning the strength, and agility, and manliness which are fostered in a country life. The youthful limbs are developed, and the constitution made robust by labour, sport, and exposure. Sometimes the little farmer strains the young horse across the meadow, or with his faithful dogs traverses the wood, and climbs high to dislodge the squirrel or the raccoon from the slender hickory. Or he dashes into the rapid stream, or rows his boat, or drives his herd into distant pastures, regardless of rains and snows, which would put in jeopardy the lives of more effeminate boys. Certainly the solids of physical education are best secured in the country.

My old neighbour, Henry Hope, is an instance of the good effect of a timely retreat into the country. After working many years at the hatter's trade, he began to show signs of primitive decay. He had contracted a stoop in the shoulders, and his complexion was of a dirty yellow. Without entirely giving up his business, he invested some of his savings in a little property four miles out of town. Every year found him more and more of a farmer, until last spring he sold out his whole mechanical establishment, and betook himself to the green fields. I lately visited him, and was entertained with the complacency of his air, as he took me over his grounds. "There," said he, "are my stacks of wheat; not more, perhaps, than six hundred bushels; but then *my own*, in every sense. There, on the right, you see I am putting up a new barn, and cover for my cattle. That spring-house of white stone is as cool as winter; the clear water trickles over the brick floor at all seasons. Near by, you may see my meadow, with the brook running through the midst of it. The double row of willows is to protect a causeway I have been making through that newly-drained swamp. But, come, I must not let you go till I have showed you my orchard, and explained my plans of grafting." So he ran on, descanting now on his stock, now on his poultry, exhibiting improved ploughs, and young hedges, until I was almost persuaded to turn farmer myself.

It is more than eighteen centuries since a Latin poet described, with enthusiasm, the lot of the husbandman:

> "O happy, if he knew his happy state,
> The swain who, free from business and debate,
> Receives the easy food from nature's hand,
> And just returns of cultivated land.
> Unvex'd with quarrels, undisturb'd with noise,
> The country king his peaceful realm enjoys—
> Cool grots, and living lakes, the flowing pride
> Of meads, and streams that through the valley glide,
> And shady groves that easy sleep invite,
> And, after toilsome days, a soft repose at night."*

A country where agriculture is the great pursuit, is always a country advancing in civilization. Our own land still spreads out before the enterprising young man so many millions of untilled acres, that it would seem to be a plain indication of Providence, that for some time to come we should be an agricultural people. There can be no serious comparison between the health, physical and moral, of men in a thriving, rural district, and any equal number pent up in manufacturing towns. In order to succeed in husbandry, great farms are by no means necessary. It has grown into a proverb, that men grow poor on large farms, and rich on small ones. But if a man wishes to do these things upon the widest scale, the West is all open before him, and he may sit down among thousands of acres.

* Virgil.

XXXIX.

THE WORKING-MAN'S SATURDAY EVENING.

"Come, evening, once again, season of peace;
Return, sweet evening, and continue long.
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron step slow moving, while the night
Treads on thy sweeping train! one hand employ'd
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day."

COWPER.

No one familiar with the aspect of towns inhabited by artisans, needs to be informed that the close of the week is marked by very striking peculiarities. As the ponderous engine of human labour slackens its revolutions, and at length stands still, and gentle rest begins to spread her wing over the haunts of toil, there is at once an addition made to the happiness of man, which no enthusiasm can well overvalue. In a few moments we may apply to the great capital or manufacturing town, the expressive verse from Wordsworth's famous sonnet on London Bridge.

"And all that mighty heart is lying still!"

The forge and the smithery are ceasing to smoke. The mighty arms and shafts moved by steam, are dropping into repose. The quick report of millions of manual utensils has terminated. Jaded animals, bowing their necks, are set free from the yoke; while innumerable sons and daughters of toil, released from the necessity of further work, are ready for rest or pleasure, for improvement or vice. The thought is pleasing. As I survey the crowded city, and allow my imagination to picture the details of the scene, I behold a thousand delightful images of domestic comfort.

Now, according to an extensively prevalent usage, the well-earned reward of labour is received. Now the anxieties of the tedious week are suspended. Families, separated during the preceding days, come together, better prepared than at other times to aid one another, and to enjoy one another's company. One unbroken day between two nights of unaccustomed repose, is a golden prize in expectation. The meeting of parents, brothers, sisters, children, sometimes of husband and wife, who have been kept apart by the stress of labour, is not without some points which deserve the poetic touch of a Crabbe or an Elliot. It is, with the virtuous, a season of hallowed affections.

Happy is that working-man who, when, at the week's end, he throws off, in the bath, the soils

of labour, can with equal ease lay aside the wrong emotions or evil habits of the same period, and with a clear conscience prepare for the day of rest! Happy is the youth who, when he comes home to greet his aged parents, and the sister of whom he is proud, feels that no tarnish has come over his heart! Happy the blooming girl, however lowly her calling, who enters the humble dwelling with the elastic tread of conscious innocence! Blessed family, where the call to rest is but the signal for the renewal of every kindly affection!

I know that with some, even in early life, the end of the week is the beginning of a frolic. The time when wages are received is apt to be a season of merriment if not of vice. In summer, multitudes, in every sort of hired vehicle, stream forth out of the various avenues of our cities and towns. In winter the streets resound till a late hour with the tread of idlers and debauchees. And in every season, Saturday night fills the taverns, oyster-houses, porter-cellars, and other resorts, with a double allowance of hale fellows. There is a triple consumption of tobacco and strong drink on these occasions. So that there is a dark side to the picture, as there is, indeed, to most pictures of human life. But even here, I find an illustration of some of my favourite positions about the conservative influence of the domestic institution. The worst men, I will con-

tinue to affirm, are those who, either from choice or from necessity, have no home. Perhaps, out of a thousand families gathered after a week's work, there is not one gathered for vicious indulgence. Where youth are vicious, they commonly hate the hearthstone. Saturday evening is a good criterion of the attachment which a young man bears to the virtuous attractions of home. As the guardian angel of the fireside, woman has here a great and hopeful work. I wish I could impress on the wife, the mother, and the sister, the value of their influence in this particular. Make home delightful, and you will work wonders. That wayward youth may, perhaps, be won by sisterly invitation. Spare nothing that is fairly within your power to make it worth his while to spend his Saturday evening with the family. So long as you have this hold upon him, you may almost bid defiance to the attempts of evil companions.

Let it never be forgotten, that we owe all these good influences to religion. There would be no Saturday evening, if there were no Christian Sabbath. In countries where man and beast work seven days in the week, there is nothing which resembles the pleasant scenes to which I have alluded. In such countries there is little of what we mean by home. Who would undertake to explain to a French labourer *the Cotter's Saturday Night?*

And since I have been led to name that exqui-

site production, I cannot leave it without commending it to the attention of every working-man who sets a value on family quiet and contentment. This single effusion would not be bought too dearly at the price of all the other productions of Robert Burns. Though written with special reference to an agricultural population, it presents a scene which might be realized in the household of any good man of whatever calling. The return of the cottager, after his labours, is described with the feeling of one who knew what it was to come home weary from the plough. The return of the sons, and of the daughter, is described in the very dialect of nature; and the entrance of the lover is as arch as it is accurate. The chat, the joke, the supper, are all admirably told; the crowning grace of the poem is the account of the family-worship:

"The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big *ha' Bible*, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets* wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And, *Let us worship God!* he says, with solemn air."

The psalm is sung, the chapter is read; the family, led by "the priest-like father," bows in

* Temples covered with gray locks.

prayer; they separate with affectionate salutations. Well says Burns, whom none will suspect of being a fanatic:

> "From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
> That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
> Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
> 'An honest man's the noblest work of God:'
> And, certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
> The cottage leaves the palace far behind."

XL.

THE UNSTABLE WORKING-MAN.

"A man so various that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was every thing by turns, and nothing long.
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chymist, fidler, statesman, and buffoon."

DRYDEN.

THE character which Dryden gives of the witty and wicked Duke of Buckingham, may, with some little change, be applied to many of us who have no titles of nobility. There is no more common character among our young men, than that of Reuben: *Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.** Nor do I know any class of persons in whom it is more unfortunate than in those who earn their living by industry; because it is the very nature of their employment to require patient continuance in one course. No trade can be either learned or practised without regularity and constancy. As I write with a principal reference to the young, I think it right to say here, that if the disease of instability is ever

* Gen. xlix. 4.

cured, it must be in youth; and the effort is one of the most important which could be suggested.

Harry Vane is a young man of my neighbourhood. He has good talents and good prospects, and has begun life with a pretty little sum of money from his father's estate. But though he is not yet twenty-three, he has already lived in three houses, and set up two trades. He has very decided opinions to-day, but no one can insure their lasting till to-morrow. When he hears arguments on one side, he leans one way; when on the other side, he leans the other way. Hence, he is quite at the mercy of his companions; and being somewhat sensible of this, he tries to make up for strength of belief, by energy of asseveration. Nevertheless, he betrays himself at every step; for this is one of those things which cannot be hidden. Vane takes up his opinions on trade, politics, and religion, at second-hand. The task of reasoning, he resigns to Briggs, the postmaster, and Brag, the apothecary, who are his cronies. He never sits down to think any thing out, and, therefore, he is never long of one mind. For when opinions come lightly, they will go lightly. They are trees without roots, easily transplanted or blown down; reeds shaken with the wind; weathercocks turning with every breath. There is scarcely one of Vane's opinions which his neighbours could not alter. His mind takes hold of truth with a paralytic grasp. True, this is sometimes amiable; but for the purpose of life,

it is even worse than obstinacy: just as granite, however hard, is more useful than friable sandstone. So much for his opinions.

It is just the same with his feelings. Never have I seen an April sky so changeable as his temper. His tears and his laughter, his frowns and his caresses, may be, at any moment, exchanged for one another. He shows this in his attachments. He rushes into new associations, to rush as quickly out of them. I have observed him for a few months together, and ever and anon I find him with new faces. I own it is the same as to his malignant feelings; he cannot hold spite; but still, with such fickleness, he never can be a man of strength, either for good or evil.

It is the same with his habits. Vane never walks long enough in any one direction to wear a track. He breaks down in his journey, for want of patience. He is driven out of the road, for want of courage. I should as little expect to find him two successive days in the same state, as to see the moon rise for two nights at the same hour.

I have more serious things to say. Vane is unstable in his principles. By a man of principle, I mean one who acts for reasons, which he can show and defend. What he does, he has before resolved to do. He has made up his mind as to the right and wrong of actions before he is brought to trial. Such a man is not Harry Vane. He lacks the very thing which distinguishes the man of principle, namely, perseverance in a de-

termined course. On one day he seems quite correct, the next almost dissolute. To-night he plays cards: to-morrow, he will join the temperance society. And this because he has no governing principle.

It was good advice which a father once gave to his boy: "My son, learn to say NO." There is as much energy in this short word, as in any expression in human language. But what object is more pitiable, than the poor, pliant young man, who cannot stand out against the gentlest wind of temptation, or resist the sneer or the entreaty of bad companions! I have often thought, therefore, that there is as much greatness as safety, in complying with the caution: "My son, when sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Better far would it be for our youth, if they would barter away a good portion of pompous swagger and braggart imbecility, for the quiet dignity of that firmness which will not yield an inch to the importunity of vice.

Let me return to my subject. I have spoken of the opinions, the feelings, and the habits of Harry Vane. Answerable to these is his universal conduct. He is in every circumstance of his life a poor fickle young man. In labour, in amusement, in friendship, he is still the same. He forgets that what he is becoming now, he will be for life. He is quick, amiable, and generous, but he is unstable, and this gives a sickly hue to his whole constitution. He begins a thousand things; he

begins them with zeal, with enthusiasm, with expectation, perhaps with rapture—but he ends none of them. Vane's life, so far as I can see, is likely to be a series of abandoned enterprises. He may talk big, and play the man; but, like the bells on a fool's cap, his actions betray him at every motion.

I wish every young reader of this page would for a moment lay aside the book, and ask himself how nearly he resembles Harry Vane. There is great room for self-deception here. The evil in question is often allied with some of the gentler traits of character. Arising from a certain softness, it easily couples itself with pity, mildness, benevolence, and even generosity. But do not err; unless you can end your day as you begin it; unless you can begin the same thing a hundred times over; unless you can bid defiance to weariness and sloth; unless you can be for a thousand days what you are the first of them; unless you can bear and forbear, and resist beseechings, and example, and raillery, and neglect, you may, indeed, be an agreeable lady's companion; you may be esteemed in the little circle of your friends; you may be popular among those who bend your flexible will to their own purposes; but you must forever forsake the expectation of being manly, influential, or truly great and useful. Let me dwell a minute or two on this.

Fickleness is usually accompanied by other bad traits. Certain vices grow in clusters. If you

are fickle, I shall expect to find you a superficial reasoner. The unsteady man is frequently—though not always—timid. A measure of irresolution is certainly implied. Resolved purpose cannot be expected in him who is perpetually changing. In the same bed of noxious weeds, springs up indolence in all its forms. As there is a want of self-reliance, there will be a disposition to lean upon others. As there is lack of principle, there will be many violations of duty.

All great works are accomplished by constancy. Perseverance in labour wears away rocks, channels our plains, tunnels our mountains; and this perseverance is produced and insured by uniformity of judgment and of passion. The unstable have no unity of plan. A thousand threads are spun for a little distance, only to be snapped and exchanged for others. Great men of every age, whether scholars, statesmen, soldiers, or philanthropists, have been men of decision, of constancy, of single purpose. Such men were Newton, Washington, Watt, and Fulton.

Where fickleness predominates, there will always be a general debility of character. Say that a youth is changeable, and by that word you fix on him a stigma of weakness and meanness. It matters little what is his trade or employment. There are no employments which do not demand uniformity and constancy of effort. Moreover, it is a blemish which cannot be concealed: the world will know it; and this is a matter on which

the world judges aright. Whatever may be the reigning enterprise, the fickle man is thought unfit for it. Are important plans on foot? he is sure to be left out. No one will embark on a vessel without rudder, without anchor, without ballast, without pilot,—which can do nothing but go before the wind. But such is the fickle man. He is unsafe in every emergency, because he may change his mind before the work is even begun; and he is prone to be the slave of other men's opinions. And, by the rebound of public opinion, the unstable man sometimes gains a view of his own weaknesses, and is filled with self-contempt. For, as I have hinted above, he is not necessarily a fool; nay, he may be clever and ingenious; he may have candour and generosity, and every thing except the manly virtues. But, wanting these, and sensible of the great defect, and shocked by the contrast of nobler minds, he shrinks from the view, and often retires from attempting any thing worthy of notice.

There is nothing in which the unstable man meets with more losses than in the affairs of morals and religion. There are many who have begun very well, have entered the Christian course with great alacrity, but have fallen out during the race. If it were as easy to complete as to begin, most of us would do well. Some will, perhaps, read these lines, who have lost all the religious emotions which once possessed their minds, and who are likely to be the victims of instability.

As was said before, if this great error is ever amended, it must be in youth; and to be amended it must be detected. Some will tell us it is all in natural temperament, or in the organs of the brain; and it cannot be denied that there are great differences in the constitutions of men: all are not moulded of the same clay. Yet here, as in a thousand similar instances, the pains of education, and especially of self-control, are not in vain. Even a bad constitution may be kept alive and strengthened, which, if let alone, would soon go to ruin.

It is the ruinous mistake of many to suppose that mere talent can insure success without constancy and perseverance. One of the most ingenious men I have ever known, is at the same time the most useless member of society. With abilities which might have made his fortune long ago, he is little above the condition of a pauper. At a very early age he was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker, with whom he served about half his time, and learned the simpler operations. During this time, however, he invented a machine for making sausages, for which he received a handsome sum from a neighbouring butcher. It is hard to say what trade he is of, for he plies almost every sort of handicraft. I lately consulted him about a crazy bathing-tub, but found that he had ceased to be a cooper, and was manufacturing shoemakers' lasts. He has made reeds for weavers, bird-cages, and wire-safes; he has taken out several patents

for churns, and has even tinkered a little about clocks and watches. But, then, his patents do him no good, for he has not resolution to fulfil his orders, and his occupations are so various that no one knows where to find him. Yet I never met with any who did not grant that this same fellow was one of the greatest mechanical geniuses in our neighbourhood. But mere cleverness, without strength of character, can never make a man respectable, useful, or happy.

XLI.

THE WORKING-MAN'S GOOD WORKS.

"Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

POPE.

It is an unwilling tribute to moral principle, that even the most hardened of our race dislike to be called selfish. It needs little instruction and little philosophy to show a man that he does not live entirely for his own interest; and the slightest experience is sufficient to prove that he who tries to do so offends against his own happiness. The person who cares for nobody but himself, is in every sense a wretch, and so glaring is this wretchedness in the case of the money-slave, that we have borrowed a word of this import from Latin, and call him a miser.

From their earliest years, our children should be taught this simple but invaluable lesson, that *benevolence is bliss.* Do good and be happy. We are most like God, the happiest of all beings, when we are most beneficent. In pursuance of this, I would bring up my child to feel that his cake, or his penny, or his orange was to be shared; that for this purpose it is given; and that he fails

of his pleasure if this end is not attained. I would make it one of his chief rewards to carry aid to the poor, and would give him an early chance of being my almoner. And when fit opportunities occurred, I would take him with me to see for himself the happiness effected by his own little gifts. For it is apt to slip from our thoughts that in moral as well as in intellectual principles and habits, the mind is made by education. Conscience and the affections are almost latent in the savage, or the London thief, or the young slave-trader; and a child bred in the forest would be only above the ourang-outang, in morals as in reason. A difference not so great, yet by no means unimportant, is to be observed in the children of different families, in respect to kindness of feeling and beneficence of action. Let us aim to bring up our little ones to deeds of mercy.

Do we, however, who are parents, teach them by example? Have we any plans for doing good? Are we not quite content to let days roll by, in which we have not conferred a real benefit on any fellow-creature? Is the impression deep in our own minds, that there is a luxury in doing good, and that it is its own reward? Benevolence should be cherished by contemplating the characters of such as have acquired the blessed reputation of philanthropists: though there are thousands who never have the name, because they have modestly shunned the publicity.

Travellers in Herefordshire are still shown the arm-chair of John Kyrle, the original of Pope's "Man of Ross." Of his history not much can be recovered, and this little is preserved entirely by the memorials of his good deeds; for he lives in the recollection of the poor in that neighbourhood. He does not seem to have been remarkable for any thing but his beneficence. As we learn, on good authority, that the celebrated lines of the poet are not exaggerated, we prefer his elegant description to any thing of our own:

"But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross.
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
'The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place, with poor o'erspread;
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread;
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprenticed orphans bless'd,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick?—the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives.
Is there a variance?—enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
O say, what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines, to swell that boundless charity?
Of debt and taxes, wife and children clear,
That man possess'd—five hundred pounds a year.'

In his own particular sphere, and with due allowance made for circumstances, every man who has a little substance and a little leisure, may be a Man of Ross. "The most worthless," it has been said, "have at times, moments in which they wish to rise out of the slough of their passions, and be beneficially employed; and many of the best lose opportunities of effecting much, by neglecting the common materials within their reach and aspiring to what is beyond them." I have known weakly benevolent persons to sigh for occasions of usefulness, when widows and orphans were suffering the extremities of want within a few hundred yards of their dwellings.

I have often stood in amazement at the number of beneficent acts which my friend Joseph Pitson will accomplish, without taking away any thing considerable from his daily labours. He succeeds in this by husbanding his moments, watching for opportunities, and seizing upon them the instant they appear. But it is genuine benevolence which gives him this alacrity. Among a thousand objects presented to his attention, Joseph's eye singles out at a glance that to which he can be useful; if the comparison is not out of place, just as the bird of prey pounces upon its quarry. When, not long since, I spent one or two days together with him in settling the affairs of a deceased friend's estate, I was often called to wonder at the multiplicity of his acts of kindness. On one day in particular, he was perpetually fly-

ing from business to charity, and yet not apparently to the disadvantage of either. When breakfast was over, he had two plates and as many bowls of coffee despatched to the sick father of one of his apprentices. Shortly after, he stole ten minutes to run across the way, to arrange something towards a Temperance meeting in the evening, and to drop three tracts into as many country market-carts. A woman called him out to ask advice about a drunken son, who had been arrested in a riot. Then he had notices to sign as chairman of a committee respecting the improvement of schools. These did not altogether take up more of his time than the filling and smoking of three or four pipes would of my old friend Stith's. While I was at my dinner, Joseph had walked half a mile to see about the indentures of widow Jones's boy, and had his meal into the bargain. In the afternoon he made his wife accomplish almost as much more, and I sat down with him at tea in company with three or four religious friends from a distance, who were sharing his hospitality, and who were to be present at the meeting after dark.

I wish what I am saying might induce the reader of these pages to lay down the book for a moment, and to ask himself these questions: Am I doing any good in the world? What proportion of my gains do I allot to acts of charity? Am I active in giving personally to the relief of those whom I hear to be in distress? Do I take any

pains to seek out such cases? What poor, or otherwise suffering persons, are there in my immediate neighbourhood, to whom I have never extended any relief? A little self-catechising of this sort would not be thrown away, now and then, upon the best of us.

The saying of the wise man is remarkable: "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." Tithe, and be rich, is the Jewish proverb. "I am verily persuaded," says Gouge, a writer of the seventeenth century, "that there is scarcely any man who gives to the poor proportionably to what God has bestowed on him; but, if he observe the dealings of God's providence toward him, will find the same doubled and redoubled upon him in temporal blessings. I dare challenge all the world to produce one instance (or at least any considerable number of instances) of a merciful man, whose charity has undone him. On the contrary, as the more the living wells are exhausted, the more freely they spring and flow, so the substance of charitable men frequently multiplies in the very distribution: even as the five loaves and few fishes multiplied, while being broken and distributed, and as the widow's oil increased by being poured out."

XLII.

THE WORKING-MAN'S REST.

"O, day most calm, most bright!
The fruit of this, the next world's bud;
Th' endorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time; care's balm and bay:
The week were dark, but for thy light;
Thy torch doth show the way."

HERBERT.

THERE is no engine which can work forever. There must be intermissions to oil the joints and wheels, and supply the losses by wear and tear. Not even the human frame, the most wonderful and complete of all machines, can do its work without some remission. It is so constituted as to require the supplies of food and sleep, at least once every twenty-four hours. But something more than this is needed. After several days of toil, both the body and the mind ask for respite. It is too much to have all our powers and all our thoughts day after day and month after month bent intensely upon the same object. Either body or mind, or both together, must infallibly break down under such a strain.

Our beneficent Creator has kindly provided for this necessity of nature, by the institution of the Sabbath, which is older than Christianity, and older than the Mosaic law; having been ordained immediately after the creation. It is set apart as a day of rest, which the name imports; a day of devotion, of instruction, and of mercy. If it is a mercy to the world at large, it is a seven-fold mercy to the working-man, who cannot possibly thrive without this, or some similar refreshment. The beast of burden sinks under perpetual loads, and the law of the human constitution is just as binding, which enjoins periodical and sufficient rest.

Men may try to brave the authority of heaven; but they do it to their own great loss, even in a worldly point of view. Take one week with another, and the man who works seven days accomplishes no more than he who works six. Careful observers tell us, that they never knew any one to grow rich by Sunday labour.

It is strange that any arguments should be needed in behalf of the Sabbath. Every thing that accompanies it is delightful. The hum, and whirl, and crash of business come to an end. Serene repose broods over the face of nature. Families separated during the week, now come together; and parents greet their sons and daughters. The very cleanliness which the Sabbath brings with it has a charm. Even the poorest who observe the day, are now in their best ap-

parel; and I am one of those who believe that to be neat and tidy has a decided moral influence. As the tradesman or the mechanic, who has been confined for some days, walks abroad, leading his little ones to the Sunday-school or the church, he feels a complacency which nothing else could produce. If his turn is serious, he will be led to contemplate the Creator in his works; and, especially in the fairer seasons of the year, to rejoice with rejoicing nature.

But it is at church that we discern the greatest advantages of the Sabbath. There is a little community met in their best suit, in their best humour, for the most important business of the week. If it is in the country, the scene is often enchanting. The old church stands on some eminence, surrounded by ancient trees, beneath which are scattered the grassy mounds that mark the resting-place of the dead. Friends are now exchanging kind looks and salutations, who meet at no other time during the week. There is scarcely a dull eye or a lack-lustre face among the groups which crown every knoll of the wide enclosure. So that, long before public worship begins, there is a benign, moral influence at work. How much more pure and genial is the social spirit thus awakened than that which is engendered at wakes, auctions, and town-meetings: and how little real community of feeling would there be in a neighbourhood where there was no such weekly gathering!

But enter the house of God, and catch the impression of the sacred scene. The vision of the poet is realized:

> "Fast the church-yard fills; anon
> Look again, and they are gone;
> The cluster round the porch, and the folk
> Who sat in the shade of the prior's oak!
> And scarcely have they disappear'd
> Ere the prelusive hymn is heard:—
> With one consent the people rejoice,
> Filling the church with a lofty voice,
> A moment ends the fervent din,
> And all is hush'd without and within."*

Who can calculate the softening, elevating, hallowing influences of such a service once every week! Fifty-two Sundays, every year, is this custom spreading its blessed fruits of peace and good order. Consider next the instructions of this sacred season. "Here," says a popular writer, "on a day devoted to no employment but the gaining of this knowledge, and the performance of those religious duties which unite with it in perfect harmony; in a place convenient and sacred; on an occasion infinitely important; and with the strong power of sympathy to aid and impress; a thousand persons are taught the best of all knowledge; the most useful to themselves and the most beneficial to mankind; for a less sum than must be expended by a twentieth part

* Wordsworth.

of their number in order to obtain the same instruction in any other science. No device of the heathen philosophers, or of modern infidels, greatly as they have boasted of their wisdom, can be compared, as to its usefulness, with this. The Sabbath, particularly, is the only means ever devised of communicating important instruction to the great mass of mankind."

For these reasons the habit of church-going is of great value to every man, and above all price to such as have not received a thorough education. I like to see the head of a family bringing all his household to public worship: children cannot begin too soon to enjoy so great a blessing.

The afternoon and evening of Sunday afford a favourable opportunity for the religious instruction of children and dependants. In the stricter sort of old families this was as regular a thing as the return of the day. There are good occasions also for the reading of the Scriptures and of other good books. Happy is that domestic circle where this has been the habit of every member from his childhood.

What time can be more favourable than this for acts of mercy! From the smallest gains something may be laid by, on the first day of the week, for the poor, or for benevolent institutions. It is really surprising to observe how much more men will give in the course of a year in this way, than by random gifts of large amount.

He who enters at all into the spirit of what I have written, will not need to be warned against

Sunday dinners, visits to public gardens, rides or drives into the country, or any of the varieties of profane dissipation. Sir Matthew Hale is reported to have said, that during a long life he had observed the success of his weeks to turn out well or ill, according as he had observed or neglected the Lord's-day.

XLIII.

THE WORKING-MAN RETIRED FROM BUSINESS.

"O bless'd retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease."

GOLDSMITH.

An elderly man once expressed to me his sense of declining life, by saying, "My birth-days begin to come very fast." The years seem to run round faster as they approach their close; so that it is a common saying among the aged, that time flies much more rapidly than when they were young. Every gray hair, every failing tooth, every wrinkle, and every decay of eyesight, ought to serve as a gentle hint, that we are going down the hill; and yet I believe there is no one whom old age does not take by surprise. There is a fine moral in the little poem of the *Three Warnings;* those of us who begin to be shy of telling our age would do well to read it.

At this period of life, particularly where a man has had some prosperity, it is natural to think of retiring from business. What can be more reasonable than to desist from labour when the ne-

cessity for it is at an end, or to close the journey when the end has been attained? This would be unanswerable, if the only end of labour and occupation was to make money: and though avarice would cling to the last possibility of turning a penny, every man of liberal feeling would be ready to cease when he has got enough, and to leave the field open for younger competitors. But there is a consideration of great importance which is too often left out, in this inquiry: I invite to it the serious attention of all elderly mechanics. After fifteen or twenty years of labour, occupation becomes necessary to one's comfort. This arises from a law of our constitution. Few men can break off a habit of long standing with impunity, unless it be a habit which is injurious in itself.

There is an illusion in most cases of sudden retirement from business of any kind. The veteran, when he lays down his arms, dreams of perfect peace: he finds ennui and satiety. When from ill-health or great infirmity there is no fitness for employment, nothing can be said; but I would warn all working-men against retiring unadvisedly. Charles Lamb's admirable sketch of the "Superannuated Man," is a case in point. At first there will be a feeling of release and exemption, as if a great burden had been thrown off; but afterwards, unless where there are great mental resources, the mind will turn upon itself.

Instances will occur to every observing reader

of men who have become miserable from this very cause. A highly respectable man of my acquaintance, who united the pursuits of agriculture and trade, found himself rich enough at threescore to give up both employments. He retired to a snug little retreat to spend the remainder of his days in repose. But he soon began to miss the excitement of regular business. His hours were now empty alike of work and pleasure, and as dull as a boy's solitary holiday. He longed for the counter and the plough. At length he fell into a most deplorable melancholy, which lasted for some years. If there is the slightest tendency to drink, it is apt to manifest itself at this critical season. Where the consequences are not so serious, how often do we see the retired mechanic gloomily revisiting his old haunts, pacing about the street with a disconsolate air, and envying every whistling apprentice that he meets. The following instance is given by Dr. Johnson: "An eminent tallow-chandler in London, who had acquired a considerable fortune, gave up the trade in favour of his foreman, and went to live at a country-house near town. He soon grew weary, and paid frequent visits to his old shop, where he desired they might let him know their *melting-days*, and he would come and assist them; which he accordingly did. Here was a man to whom the most disgusting circumstances in the business to which he had been used was a relief from idleness."

This change should be made, if possible, by

slow degrees, and the reins of business should not be altogether abandoned until several experiments shall have been made. Even aged and infirm men may find great pleasure in some of the lighter employments of their trade, or in a general superintendence.

It is in such cases as this that a little learning, and a taste for books, come admirably into play. To have nothing to do is the worst part of solitary confinement in jails: give the convict books, and he would soon become interested and comfortable. Give the old working-man his little library, and he will have a solace for his declining years.

But there is another greater and more certain preventive of stupor and listlessness. Where there is a truly religious temper, old age is delightful. It is natural and seemly that old age should

> "Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
> Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon."

The consolations of the gospel will cast broad sunshine over the whole prospect. The glow of Christian love will soften every asperity, and mellow those dispositions which old age is apt to sour. And if the hoary man can take his staff, and, with benignant affection, walk about among children, grand-children, old friends, and neigh-

bours, rousing them by his advice, instructing them by his example, and aiding them by his charities, he may do more good, and consequently enjoy more happiness in the close of his life than in all the vigour of his youth and manhood.

XLIV.

THE WORKING-MAN IN OLD AGE.

> "My morning walks I now could bear to lose,
> And bless'd the shower that gave me not to choose:
> In fact, I felt a languor stealing on;
> The active arm, the agile hand were gone;
> Small daily actions into habits grew,
> And new dislikes to forms and fashions new:
> I loved my trees in order to dispose,
> I number'd peaches, look'd how stocks arose,
> Told the same story oft—in short, began to prose."
>
> CRABBE.

In a long sitting by our fireside, the other evening, I had the whole subject of old age discussed between Uncle Benjamin and Mr. Appletree; and some of the results I am disposed to set down, without trying, however, to keep up the form of dialogue, or to trace every remark to the respective speakers. Nevertheless, the reader may rest assured, that whatever is matter of daily observation, is from uncle Benjamin, and whatever smacks of ancient times, from the schoolmaster.

Old age takes men by surprise: this has been long observed. "No one," says Pliny, "ever says, 'the storks are coming,' or, 'they are going;' but always, 'they have come,' or, 'they have

gone;' for they both come and go secretly, and by night." So it is with old age: we do not perceive its approach. At length, however, the head becomes cold from its baldness; the last stump forsakes the gums; it is a labour to bend the joints, to mount a horse, or to go up stairs; there is a drumming in the ears, and the eyes almost refuse the aid of useless glasses. And then comes the sense of decline; it is well called the winter of the year. "When men wish for old age," says St. Augustin, "what do they desire but a long disease?"

A life of moderate labour, if the habits are good in other respects, is one of the best securities for a mild old age. But, in point of fact, working-men very seldom think it necessary to observe caution in this particular during their strong days, and they pay the penalty at the close of life, in stiff joints, a crooked back, and many pains and infirmities which need not be mentioned. Disease and sorrow sometimes sour the temper, and the old man becomes complaining, peevish, and moody. The grasshopper becomes a burden, and fears increase; he carries caution to the extreme of timidity, and has a distressing irresolution about the smallest concerns. These evils are of course greatly aggravated if he is poor, widowed, and childless. In such a case, unless the blessings of religion come in to cheer the prospect, one might almost see the saying of Diogenes made true, that a poor old man is the most wretched

of mortals. And though I would not say a word to inculcate a miserly temper, it is certainly right to remind our young men, that a youth of prodigality will have an old age of want. After a life even of laborious pursuits, we sometimes see old people in this melancholy condition.

> "Nor yet can time itself obtain for these
> Life's latest comforts, due respect and ease;
> For yonder see that hoary swain, whose age
> Can with no cares except its own engage;
> Who, propp'd on that rude staff, looks up to see
> The bare arms broken from the withering tree,
> On which, a boy, he climb'd the loftiest bough,
> Then his first joy, but his sad emblem now."

This is far from being true of every old man. Indeed, where there have been habits of frugality, foresight, temperance, and religion, old age is often like a summer's evening after a day of toil. Especially may it be so to one who has not desisted prematurely from active labours, and who looks back upon a long life filled with industrious perseverance and useful deeds. In one of the most pleasing chapters of Paley's Natural Theology, that benevolent philosopher cites the case of comfortable old age as remarkably illustrating the goodness of the Deity. "It is not for youth alone, that the great Parent of creation hath provided. Happiness is found with the purring cat, no less than with the playful kitten; in the armchair of dozing age, as well as in either the

sprightliness of the dance, or the animation of the chase. To novelty, to acuteness of sensation, to hope, to ardour of pursuit, succeeds what is, in no inconsiderable degree, an equivalent for them all, 'perception of ease.' Herein is the exact difference between the young and the old. The young are not happy, but when enjoying pleasure; the old are happy when free from pain. And this constitution suits with the degree of animal power which they respectively possess. The vigour of youth was to be stimulated to action by impatience of rest; whilst, to the imbecility of age, quietness and repose become positive gratifications. In one important respect the advantage is with the old. A state of ease is, generally speaking, more attainable than a state of pleasure. I am far, even as an observer of human life, from thinking that youth is its happiest season, much less the only happy one: as a Christian, I am willing to believe that there is a great deal of truth in the following representation, given by a very pious writer, as well as excellent man:* 'To the intelligent and virtuous, old age presents a scene of tranquil enjoyments, of obedient appetites, of well-regulated affections, of maturity in knowledge, and of calm preparation for immortality.'"

Among the humbler circles of society, in dwellings seldom entered by the rich or gay, I have seen beautiful examples of this. What sight is

* Father's Instructions, by Dr. Percival.

more lovely, than that of a gray-haired father, seated by the glowing hearth, surrounded by children and grand-children, who hang upon his instructions, and fly to anticipate his every want! "Children's children," says Solomon, "are the crown of old men." Where the fifth commandment has been inculcated and obeyed, old age derives many indescribable comforts from the affectionate respect of youth. Among the Chinese, it is well known that filial reverence is carried to a degree little short of religious worship. To speak carelessly to parents, is with them a heinous crime; to raise the hand against them, a capital one. Providence sometimes repays men in their own coin. Those who have been undutiful sons, are often made to smart as neglected parents. There are few spectacles more disgraceful than that of aged parents surrounded by idle sons, living upon their little remaining substance, and clinging to them, not to support them, but, like parasitical plants, to suck the last juices from their wasted trunks. It should be the pride and glory of youth, so far as practicable, to remove every annoyance from the old age of those who watched over their helpless childhood. Let parents see to it, that they are bringing up their children in such habits as are likely to make them a stay and prop to their declining years.

Next to the affection of his own children, the old man will rank among his prerogatives the respect of society. There is something in the

sight of any old man, even if he is a sober beggar, which awakes my respect. In some parts of the country it is, or was, the custom to give a respectful salutation to every aged person, whether rich or poor, known or unknown. It is a good custom, and speaks well for the social state of the land. I have been told of a gentleman who never allowed himself to speak to an aged person without being uncovered. Such was the Mosaic law: "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man, and fear thy God: I am the Lord."* The principles of the ancient Lacedemonians were very strict in this particular, and such as may put some Christians to the blush. Their youth were daily taught to reverence old age, and to give the proofs of it on every suitable occasion, by making way for them, yielding the best places, saluting them in the street, and showing them honour in public assemblies. They were commanded to receive the instructions and reproofs of the aged with the utmost submission. In consequence of this, a Spartan was known wherever he went, and was considered as disgracing his country if he behaved otherwise. Cicero tells us of Lysander, that he used to say that Sparta was the place for a man to grow old in. The story is well known, as related by Plutarch, of the old man of Athens, at the theatre. Coming in late, he found all the seats occupied His

* Lev. xix. 32.

young countrymen, by whom he passed, kept their seats, but when he came near the place where the Spartan ambassadors and their suite were sitting, they all instantly rose, and seated him in the midst of them; upon which the house resounded with the applause of the Athenians. The old man quietly said, "The Athenians know what is right, but the Spartans practise it." If there is any form of self-complacency which is pardonable, it is that of the happy old man, who makes his circuit among the places of business, where he was once among the busiest, and receives with a satisfied smile the regard of all around him. He seats himself in the shops, cracks his old jokes, repeats his old stories, lectures the boys, and sometimes breaks forth into a half-comic scolding of every thing pertaining to modern times.

I look upon it as one of the great advantages of age, that it can freely give advice. This is what the rest of us cannot do so well. But who will be offended with the counsels, or even the rebukes of a venerable father, leaning on his staff, and shaking with that infirmity which is but the beginning of death? The words and the example of old men are so effective, that I have sometimes thought the responsibility of this season of life was not sufficiently felt. A man may do more good in this way after he is sixty, than in all his foregoing life. But it is to be done, not sourly, grimly, complainingly, or morosely, but with that

gentleness which may show that it arises from true benevolence.

It was observed by the ancients, that the besetting sin of old age is avarice. Strange, that the less one needs, the more he should desire! Yet thus it is: and thus it will ever be, unless some better principles be infused in earlier life; the ruling passion will be strong even in death. In the following celebrated verses of Pope, it is now well known that the poet merely repeated the very words used on his death-bed by Sir William Bateman:

> "'I give, and I devise' (old Euclio said,
> And sigh'd) 'my lands and tenements to Ned.'
> Your money, sir? 'My money, sir? what, all?
> Why,—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul.'
> The manor, sir? 'The manor! hold,' he cried,
> 'Not that,—I cannot part with that'—and died."

Thus, I repeat it, old age will be liable to the madness of avarice, unless religious principle prevent; and even if religion has been neglected in former years, it should demand attention now, "When a ship is leaking," says Seneca, "we may stop a single leak, or even two or three; but when all the timbers are going to pieces, our efforts are of no avail." So in the human body, when old age shows that the fabric is breaking down, the soul ought to be looking out for a better habitation. Alas! few grow wise late in life. The most pleasing instances of old age are those

of persons who have attended to the best things in youth. Such there are, and they are among the greatest ornaments of religion. "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." The Christian old man shows fruit even in winter. Instead of being querulous, he is contented, hopeful, rejoicing. The natural sourness of declining years has been ripened into a delightful mellowness of temper, by the graces of religion. May such be the old age of the reader!

XLV.

CONCLUSION.

"'Tis the only discipline we are born for;
All studies else are but as circular lines,
And death the centre where they must all meet."
MASSINGER.

In the foregoing essays I have touched upon a great variety of subjects, and have passed "from grave to gay," from entertainment to instruction. There are many matters quite as important which must be left unattempted. But I cannot bring myself to close the volume without a word of counsel upon what is still more momentous than any to which I have alluded. Whatever our calling in life may be, it must come to an end; and however our paths may differ, they will all meet in the same termination. At death we shall be stripped of all our petty distinctions, and despoiled of all our worldly gains.

He must be a very stupid or a very heedless man, who never asks himself what are the probabilities of his condition after death. A prosperous life here does not secure a prosperous life hereafter. The very heathen may rebuke us for our carelessness. Even the deist, if he believes

in the immortality of the soul, must have some solicitude about the nature of that immortality. Some persuade themselves that all men will certainly be happy after death. This is a convenient doctrine for all who wish to enjoy vicious pleasures; but there is too much at stake for any man to adopt it without great consideration, and such arguments as defy all contradiction. It is against our rational feelings of justice, the common judgment of all ages, and the plain meaning of the Bible.

If there is, then, a risk of losing one's soul, can a reasonable man leave the matter unsettled? It has often filled me with astonishment to see men of the greatest foresight and discretion in worldly affairs, so ruinously careless in these. They would not consent to pay a small sum of money without taking a receipt; or to live in a house without insurance; or to lend money without security; knowing that even where neighbours are honest, life is uncertain. But they will hazard their everlasting interests upon the merest chance. No one can predict what a day may bring forth. Death takes most of its victims by surprise. Yet the multitude live from year to year without any attempt at preparation.

The undue value set upon wealth and temporal prosperity, is one great cause of this recklessness. All through life men are in chase of that which perishes as they grasp it. Give them all that their most eager wishes could demand, and you

do not secure them for eternity. But there is a good part which cannot be taken away from them.

No considerate man can reflect on his life, or examine his heart without acknowledging that he is a sinner against God. The whole tenor of the Scriptures speaks the same truth. How am I to escape the punishment due to my sin? This is the great question, on which every one ought to have some settled determination. He is not a wise man, who lies down at night without some satisfactory hope that sudden death would not ruin his happiness.

The great truths of the Christian religion lie within a small compass. There is an agreement among all the conflicting sects of evangelical Christians as to a few cardinal points. They are such as these: that by nature men are children of wrath; that God will punish the impenitent; that we must be born again; that without faith it is impossible to please God; that he who believeth shall be saved, and he who believes not will be condemned. Further, the faith which saves us, regards chiefly the Lord Jesus Christ; that he is the Son of God; that he became man for our salvation; that he bore our sins in his own body on the tree; that he rose again from the dead, and ascended into heaven; and that we are justified by faith in him. He who believes thus, and manifests this belief by corresponding works, is a true Christian.

There is reason to think that infidelity is on

the wane in our country. About the time of the French revolution, the impious falsehoods of Voltaire were making havoc among our youth. This arch-infidel once predicted that in twenty years the Christian religion would be no more! Those who were deceived by him found nothing but disappointment and wretchedness. Learned, witty, and applauded as he was, he had less real wisdom than the poorest and most ignorant Christian widow.

> "She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
> Has little understanding, and no wit;
> Receives no praise; but though her lot be such,
> Toilsome and indigent, she renders much;
> Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true,
> A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
> And in that charter reads with sparkling eyes
> Her title to a treasure in the skies.
> O happy peasant! O unhappy bard!
> His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward;
> He praised, perhaps, for ages yet to come,
> She never heard of half a mile from home:
> He, lost in errors, his vain heart prefers,
> She, safe in the simplicity of hers."

THE END.

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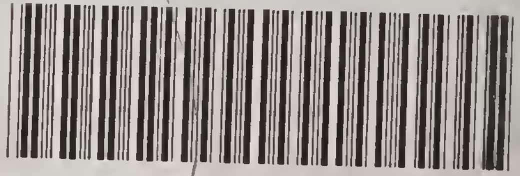
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